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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 600.—Vol. XXIII.

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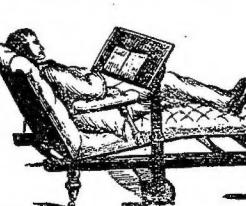
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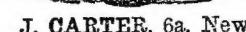
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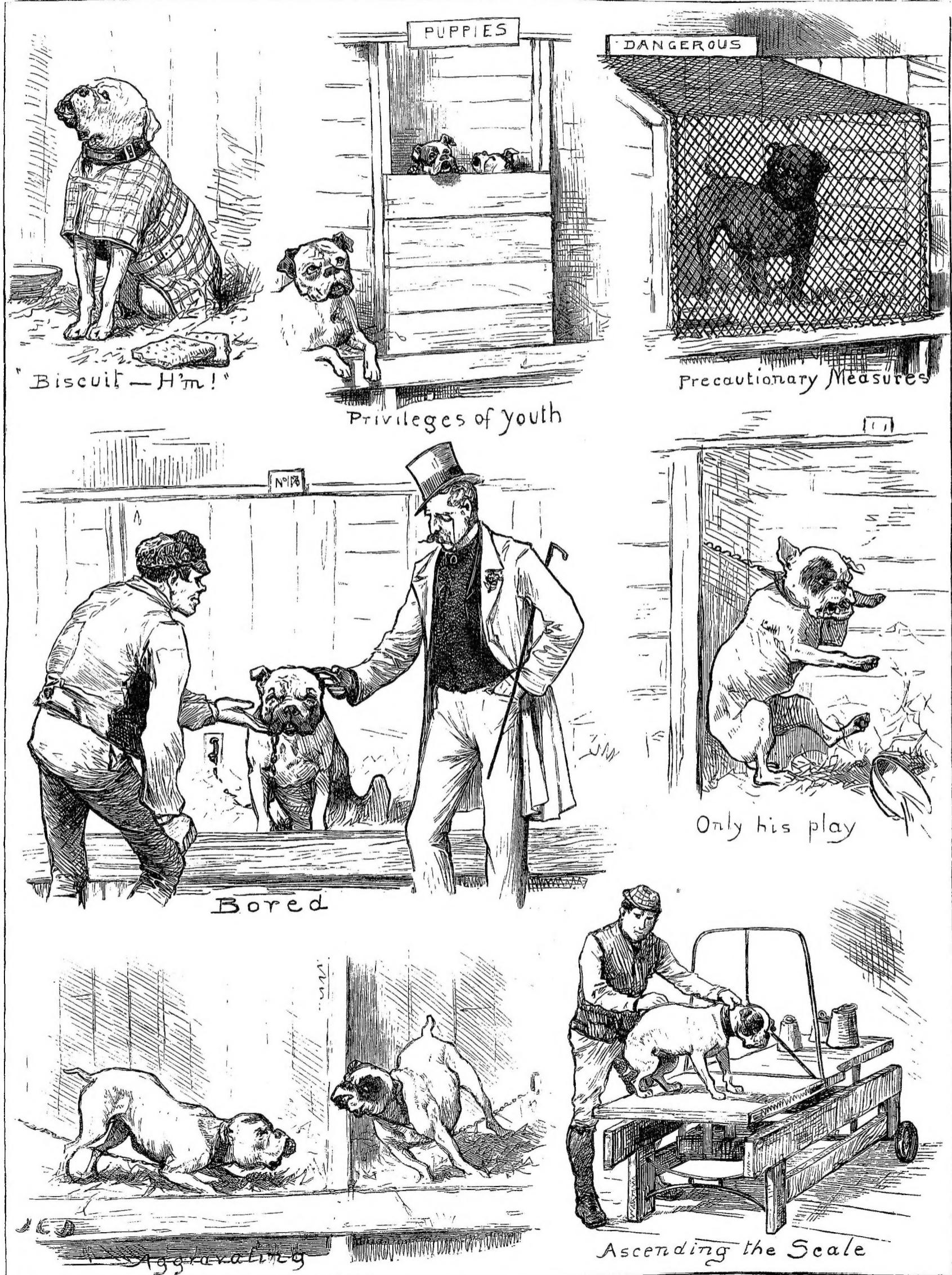
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

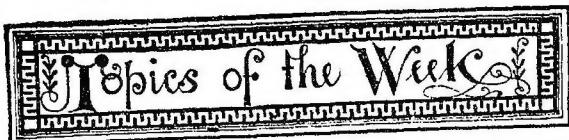
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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881

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SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE  
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NOTES AT THE BULLDOG CLUB'S SEVENTH GRAND SHOW



**THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.**—The accession of a new Sovereign is, comparatively speaking, a rare event, and makes a strong impression, especially upon the young. Those of us who are able to remember the time when the present reign began are forcibly reminded that they themselves can be no longer young when an interval has elapsed sufficient to convert a girl of eighteen into a woman of sixty-two. Already the Queen has lived longer than most of her Royal predecessors, and has been exceeded in the duration of her reign by only four of them. She has had a larger experience of State affairs than any of her subjects, her present Premier not excepted, for in 1837 Mr. Gladstone was merely regarded as a rising young Tory, whereas the Queen, girl though she was, was even then compelled by her position to take a practical interest in political problems of the highest importance. It may be quite true that Constitutional Monarchs reign without governing, nevertheless they may and do exercise a considerable influence on public affairs, and it is worth remembering that politics are, or ought to be, the main business of their lives, whereas to the great majority of us politics are merely the relaxation of leisure hours, something to be discussed when work is suspended. It is difficult to define exactly the political status of a modern English monarch. If he is to stifle all predilections for one policy rather than for another, he becomes little more than the figure-head of the State. It is not likely that a personage with such prolonged political experience as the Queen has no opinion of her own concerning the matters wherein Lord Beaconsfield's policy differed from Mr. Gladstone's. But she has patriotically refrained from expressing her predilections, and has loyally accepted the decision of the constituencies, when they have reversed their own verdict of a few years before. Probably, by this time, Her Majesty has come to the conclusion, like the negro, that "Caesar and Pompey are very much alike," specially "Pompey," or, in other words, that, when saddled with official responsibilities, Tory, Whig, and Radical become much of the same complexion. Altogether, the Queen's unsullied and conscientious sovereignty of forty-four years has done much to strengthen the principle of monarchy, which, if a bad or incompetent ruler had succeeded William the Fourth, would have run great risk of extinction. But although in every country Democracy, that is, the equalisation of classes in point of privilege, is advancing, it does not therefore follow that Monarchy need cease to be. On the contrary Democracy loves the One-Man principle, it likes an idol—a Gambetta or a Grant; and, if such be the case, it is probably better, at all events in Europe, to have a permanent Chief of the State, with all the *prestige* which is derived from kingly lineage, and which, whatever philosophers may say, will never fail to attract the multitude. Under such a chief, moreover, the popular idol occupies, as the Monarch's right-hand man (in Germany, for example), quite as important a position as in a Republic.

**IRELAND AND THE GOVERNMENT.**—It would be easy for the opponents of the Government to make what is called "political capital" out of the present state of things in Ireland. The situation, however, is far too serious for mere party recrimination. In his elaborate speech on Tuesday Mr. Forster declared that "there is a combination to make robbery successful by armed resistance," and there can be no doubt that this is literally accurate. What the discontented classes demand is not a reform of the land laws, but the total abolition of rents; and they are prepared, in every case in which they are not met by overwhelming force, to uphold their demand by violence. The Government are accused of having opposed the agitation with too little energy; but great allowance, as Mr. Forster claimed, ought to be made for the peculiar circumstances in which they have been placed. They admit that Irish tenant farmers have a genuine grievance; and it was, therefore, inevitable that they should prefer to err on the side of excessive leniency rather than on that of excessive severity. Now, however, they can have no alternative but to act with decision. Ireland is drifting rapidly into rebellion, and she can be saved from the disasters which rebellion would bring upon her only by a vigorous administration of the law. Notwithstanding the denunciations of Mr. Forster by some Irish members, the malcontents are apparently under the impression that the Government secretly sympathise with their most extreme pretensions. This impression ought to be immediately and thoroughly effaced. Parliament is engaged in considering a vast scheme of remedial legislation, and we may hope that if the Land Bill becomes law it will at least do something towards the conciliation of Ireland. It will be absolutely without effect, however, if Irishmen are allowed to believe that the Imperial authorities are too weak to insist on the elementary principles of public order.

**AYOOB AND ABDURRAHMAN.**—Quite apart from selfish considerations, it is not very pleasant for a conscientious Englishman to reflect that our interference in Afghan politics has left a legacy of anarchy to that country. Afghanistan has not been at any time within living memory a country distinguished by its unity and peacefulness; its degree of

solidarity resembles that of England and France during the Middle Ages, when, although fealty was acknowledged to the King, the great nobles in their respective provinces were practically independent. But, at the same time, if we had not by force of arms knocked down Shere Ali, it is very unlikely that there would now be two pretenders to the throne. Our first substitute for Shere Ali, Yakoob, proved a failure as regarded our own interests, while his successor, Abdurrahman, who is apparently loyal to us (to whom he owes everything), occupies his seat rather because of the *prestige* of British authority than because of his popularity among the Afghan populations. It is this lack of genuine Afghan loyalty for Abdurrahman that gives Ayoob his chance, and if he himself were more thoroughly popular, and were better provided with men and munitions of war, he would probably oust his rival. Our natural desire is that Abdurrahman may oust him, may, in short, give him such a thrashing, that all his hopes as a Pretender may be utterly snuffed out. Either of these alternatives would be preferable to a prolonged period of anarchy and insecurity. Such a condition of affairs, to say nothing of the misery it will cause to the Afghans themselves, will afford a plausible excuse for the intervention of Russia, and in that case we may learn when too late that by our attack on Shere Ali we hastened on the very event against which we meant to guard.

**FRANCE AND GERMANY.**—When the Peace of Frankfurt was concluded, it would have been thought impossible that within ten years any class of Frenchmen would talk of the expediency of a Franco-German alliance. Yet the scheme of such an alliance has been seriously discussed lately in several of the most important French papers. England and Italy have been so opposed to French policy in Tunis that France seems to have been grateful to Germany for remaining quiet, and we have been warned that an understanding between Germany and France might expose us to considerable inconvenience. If the people of Alsace were always to regret their incorporation in the German Empire, France could scarcely abandon her dream of a "war of revenge"; but the Alsatians are becoming gradually reconciled to Germany, and, were the process completed, what sufficient reason could there be for an attempt to wipe out the humiliation of 1870? A generation is growing up which thinks of the Battle of Sedan as hardly less remote than Waterloo; and even those who took part in the conflict which was so disastrous to France are beginning to reconcile themselves to the new situation. Besides, there are solid advantages which France might win by maintaining cordial relations with Germany. France has not given up the hope of annexing Belgium; and the time will come when she will try to assert formidable pretensions in Syria and Egypt. The friendship of England would help her in none of these things, but she might look for great results from the friendship of Germany, whom she in her turn could aid in disposing of Denmark and Holland.

**RUSSIA AND THE JEWS.**—The Anti-Semitic sentiment which began in Germany with insult has culminated in South-Western Russia in downright outrage. The Jews throughout Europe are naturally greatly excited by this maltreatment of their co-religionists, and as their wealth and their intelligence give them an influence, at any rate in Western Europe, out of all proportion to their numbers, the Governments of various countries lend a respectful ear to their appeal. But though Lord Granville may justly remonstrate against the expulsion of Mr. Lewisohn, who, it appears, is a naturalised Englishman, he is wisely resolved to abstain from lecturing Russia about her treatment of the Jews in general. He has not forgotten the snub which Prince Gortchakoff administered to Lord John Russell in 1863, when he remonstrated on behalf of the Poles. But though officially it would be improper and useless to remonstrate with the Russian Government, we may unofficially venture to ask the Christian inhabitants of the Ukraine and of other Russian provinces how it happens that they have lately been treating the Jews much as our forefathers used to treat them in the days of King John. The Ukrainers would probably reply thus:—"The Jews are unpopular, and hence liable to persecution should popular prejudice be exceptionally inflamed, for several reasons. We don't pretend to be so latitudinarian in creed as you Westerns. We believe that the Orthodox Church is the one true Church, and we look on the Jews as infidels. Then with you the Jews are few in number, and mostly engaged in businesses which do not interfere with the enterprise of their fellow-citizens. But with us the Jews swarm, they shirk hard work whenever they can, they have a genius for money-lending, and they have got our poor peasants fast enmeshed in their nets. We hate the Jew partly because he is a Jew, but still more because he is a usurer." Now we have no desire to excuse the outrages which have been perpetrated, but there is something in this Ukrainers' protest, and Jews all over the world would do well to lay the latter part of it to heart. Make what excuses we will, money-lending (of the type above referred to) will never be popularly regarded as a reputable way of getting a living. It may be quite true that clumsiness, stupidity, and bad management, rather than the action of the lender, are the cause of the borrower's downward career. Still, we repeat it is not pleasant to grow fat because other men are growing thin. It would for several reasons be a good thing if the Jews were to start a nationality of their own. It would lift them out of the money-grubbing rut in which too many of them are grovelling. The Porte is

so hard up that, for a liberal sum in cash, it would willingly sell Palestine, the Jews can well afford to buy it, and the whole civilised world would regard with interest and complacency the re-establishment of a Jewish polity. But so long as London and Melbourne, New York and Paris, remain the centres where money can be most easily made by persons possessed of the peculiar commercial instincts of the Jews, it is improbable that such an enterprising race will turn their faces towards a country which has little material attraction except for agriculturists. The return of the Jews, therefore, as a nation, to the Holy Land, seems very unlikely to be realised in this generation.

**THE GREEK CONVENTION.**—At last Turkey has signed the Convention by which she agrees to hand over to Greece the territory traced in the latest scheme of the Powers. We must not too hastily conclude that the transfer will be completed within the stipulated time, for the Porte is fertile in excuses for delay, and within the next few weeks pretexts may be invented of which nobody has at present the slightest suspicion. As far as can be seen, however, the Turkish Government is really of opinion that this troublesome question should be closed; and the chances seem to be that it will for once act loyally. The Greeks continue to maintain that they have been betrayed; but in the general opinion of Europe they have excellent reason to be satisfied. They are about to obtain a large and fruitful territory for which they have not sacrificed a single life, and when they have fairly taken possession of it they will hold it by an undisputed claim. At one time it seemed not impossible that Greece might be the successor of the Ottoman Government in South-Eastern Europe; but she can no longer cherish this hope. The Roumanians, the Servians, the Bulgarians, the Albanians, the Montenegrins have all given evidence of vitality; and it may be assumed that under no conceivable set of conditions would they permit themselves to be dominated by Greece. But Greece may still, if she pleases, play a great part in the development of the East. Her population is active, intelligent, and ambitious; and by a proper use of her opportunities she should be able to exercise a strong moral authority over her less advanced neighbours. Everything depends on the spirit in which she proposes to apply herself to her new duties. Hitherto she has preferred intrigue and agitation to the more difficult task of good government; and if she does not alter her course she will have to content herself with a place far inferior to her pretensions and her resources.

**THE PROTECTION OF ABORIGINES.**—We shall not quarrel with the very respectable Society which assumes this useful function for their definition of the word Aborigines. It is really very difficult to find any genuine Aborigines. Nearly everybody has driven somebody else out; and the term is especially inapplicable to such a nation as the Zulus, who are, politically speaking, of modern origin, and whose military power (so formidable during the late war) was quite a recent organisation. But this is a matter of trifling importance. For the philanthropic objects of the Society, an "Aborigine" may fairly be defined as a human being whose skin is some other tint than white. We have read a good deal lately about colour blindness; but there is no colour blindness in this respect. The white man never mistakes the black man for one of his own colour; and it is a sad but certain fact that, in his dealings with the said black, or rather non-white man, he follows a laxer code of morality than in his dealings with men of his own complexion. We need not rake up the past; the dismal story of negro servitude, the gradual extinction of the dark-skinned inhabitants of America and Australia; if the world is surveyed at the present moment, it will be at once perceived that there is still plenty of work for a society which undertakes the protection of the so-called Aborigines. Of all regions of the earth for which we are responsible, South Africa is the most important in this respect, for the natives are not dying out; and, though most of them have frankly admitted our supremacy, still disputes and wars are of frequent occurrence. Especially there is the Transvaal, where our tame surrender has placed some hundreds of thousands of natives at the mercy of a body of colonists whose ethics concerning slavery savour rather of the Mosaic Law than of Granville Sharp and Wilberforce. Then there are the numerous islands dotted over the Pacific Ocean, where several massacres of white sailors have lately occurred. These outrages have almost invariably been provoked by previous white outrages, by the nefarious practice of "blackbirding"; that is, of kidnapping natives as labourers for the sugar plantations. Concerning all these places an untiring vigilance needs to be exercised.

**MR. ROBERTSON SMITH AND HIS CHURCH.**—The General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland have decided to remove Mr. Robertson Smith from his professorship. This has caused much disappointment to the Liberal party not only in the Free Church but in all the Scotch Churches; and no doubt it is a considerable blow to their hopes. It would, however, be unfair to accuse the orthodox party of bigotry and violence. That considerable latitude must be admitted in the interpretation of creeds and confessions is, of course, obvious; but it is equally obvious that this latitude cannot be unlimited. While allowing himself to hold individual opinions on matters of minor importance, a clergyman is unquestionably bound to accept the leading doctrines of his Church in their plain and natural sense. If he abandons any of its chief principles, his duty surely is to

secure liberty by withdrawing from a religious community with which he is no longer in essential sympathy. We do not take it upon ourselves to say whether Mr. Robertson Smith has or has not violated the conditions of communion with the Free Church; but the majority of the Assembly with the Free Church; but the majority of the Assembly being of opinion that he has, they are not to blame for having acted on their conviction. At the same time they are probably aware that although they have disposed of Mr. Smith they have by no means disposed of the difficulties in which his "case" originated. For a long time Scotland seemed to be only slightly affected by the sceptical movement which has made so deep an impression in England and in several Continental countries. Of late years she has been as much disturbed as her neighbours by modern doubts, and there is not one of the Scotch churches whose clergy,—or, at least, a portion of whose clergy—is not now re-examining the Westminster Confession in the light of new facts and ideas. Other heretics besides Mr. Smith, and, perhaps, of a more formidable kind, are, therefore, likely to trouble the peace of those who are content with the ancient "standards," and we may soon expect to hear of an agitation for an inquiry whether these documents are adapted to the conditions of the present age.

**NOTICE.**—With this number is issued an EXTRA FINE ART SUPPLEMENT, containing "DUTY," from the Picture by HEYWOOD HARDY; "AMUSING HIS LORDSHIP," from the Picture by G. F. MUNN, exhibited in the Dudley Gallery; and "HER SWEETEST FLOWER," from the Picture by ARTHUR STOCKS.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 524 and 533.



**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, MR. HENRY IRVING.—On MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, to 17th June, THE CUP, and THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM. Mr. IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY, Messrs. Terrell, Howe, Tyers, Pinero, Beaumont, Miss Sophie Young, Terry, Jago, Mr. IRVING, Desdemona, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Othello, Mr. BOOTH, Jago, Mr. IRVING, Desdemona, Miss ELLEN TERRY, MORNING PERFORMANCES, OTHELLO, TO-DAY (SATURDAY) and WEDNESDAY, June 8, at Two o'clock. Othello, Mr. BOOTH, Jago, Mr. IRVING, Desdemona, Miss ELLEN TERRY. THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM, SATURDAY, June 4. Mr. IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY.

**LYCEUM.**—Prospective Programme for the Season.—MR. IRVING begs to announce that before the close of the present season, which will end on July 23, the following PLAYS will be presented: "The Merchant of Venice," "Charles I.," "The Cup," "The Belle's Stratagem," "Hamlet," "Eugene Aram." And for the convenience of the public the following are the dates and number of representations of each piece:—"Othello" (in which Mr. Edwin Booth will appear) nine times more (including two morning performances); "The Cup" and "The Belle's Stratagem" (including one morning), ten times; on Saturday, June 18, "Hamlet" nineteen performances (including two morning); July 2, 9, and 22, "The Belle's Stratagem"; Monday, July 11, "The Merchant of Venice," seven performances (including one morning); July 18 and 19, "Eugene Aram," two performances; Saturday, July 23, last night of the season, and last appearance in London until the end of December of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company. Seats can only be booked one month in advance, also by letter or telegram.

**THE BACH CHORUS.**—Patron, Her Majesty the QUEEN. Musical Director and Conductor, Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT. I. Seb. Bach's Mass in B minor. Sixth performance, ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 1, (unavoidably postponed from May 18). All tickets issued for that date are available for June 1 at a quarter past eight o'clock. Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Madame Isabel Fassell; Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Burdon, and Mr. Kempson. Principal Violin, Herr Ludwig Strauss. Full Orchestra and the Bach Choir. Seats, 1s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Gallery, 2s.; Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 2s.; New Bond Street, usual Agents, and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

**MISS ANNIE MATTHEWS** begs to ANNOUNCE that her SECOND ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New Road, on TUESDAY EVENING, May 31, 1881. Vocalists: Miss Annie Sinclair, Madame Adeline Page, Miss Annie Matthews, Miss Maud Longhurst, Miss Edith Daniel, Miss Marian Burton, Mr. Arthur J. Thompson, Mr. J. D. Henderson, Mr. H. Horrocks, Mr. A. Caink. Solo flute, Mr. C. Spencer West. Solo pianoforte, Mr. Turle Lee. Conductor, Mr. TURLE LEE. Commences at 8 o'clock; carriages at 10.15. Numbered reserved seats, 3s.; reserved, 2s.; admittance, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Morris, Camberwell Green; Mrs. Burnett, Grove Lane; Mr. Brewer, 330, Camberwell New Road; Mr. Mansfield, Peckham Road; Mr. Dunley, Acme Lane, Brixton; Mr. Fordham, Denmark Hill; Layton A. Richardson, 72, Acme Lane, S.W.; and of Miss Annie Matthews, Goring House, Hayter Road, Brixton Rise.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.**—THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME. Replete with musical gems, sparkling comicalities, and humorous sketches, will be repeated until the end of the present month. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. MONDAY THREE. WEDNESDAY. SATURDAY, EIGHT. FIFTY ARTISTS, including the Juvenile Choir, the Statuesque Dancers, and powerful Phalanx of Comedians. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees.

**M. R. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.**—CHERRY TREE FARM, a New Piece by Arthur Law, Music by Hamilton Clarke. YE FANCIE FAIRE, a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Graine, and A BRIGHT IDEA, a New Afterpiece by Arthur Law, Music by Arthur Cecil. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission, 1s.; Stalls, 2s.; Seats, 3s. 6s. No fees. Booking Office open from 10 to 6. Twice Whit-Monday, at 3 and 8.

**WESTMINSTER PANORAMA.**—YORK STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, S.W. (Opposite St. James's Park Station, and adjoining Royal Aquarium.) THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. By C. CASTELLANI. Covering over 20,000 Square Feet of Canvas. The Largest Panorama in England. WILL OPEN WHIT-MONDAY, JUNE 6. Admission, 1s.

**THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.**—SUMMER EXHIBITION. Now open. Daily 9 to 7. Admission, One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

**THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS,** including Professor Leopold Carl Müller's Picture, "An Encampment Outside Cairo," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH & SON'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket. Admission One Shilling.

**INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.**—The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from 9 to 7. Admission 1s. Catalogue, 6d. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

**ROSA BONHEUR'S celebrated PICTURES, ON THE ALERT, and A FORAGING PARTY,** which gained for the artist the Cross of the Order of Leopold of Belgium at the Antwerp Academy, 1879. Also, the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur, including the well-known "Horse Fair," now on exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 12, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. Ten to Five.

**DORÉS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO"** ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

**SAVOY HOUSE.**—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS.—"CAVE CANEM," Briton Rivière, A.R.A. This wonderful humorous Engraving on View. "Artist's Proofs only." Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

**SWISS EXHIBITION OF SWISS SCENERY and SWISS SCENES,** by Swiss Painters. Instituted by the Cercle de Beaux Arts of Geneva—166, New Bond Street, Admission 1s.

## THE GRAPHIC GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON.

### TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY, ILLUSTRATED BY THE FOLLOWING ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS—

P. H. CALDERON, R.A. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A. ARTHUR HOPKINS, SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. G. D. LESLIE, R.A. EDWIN LONG, R.A.	P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A. C. E. PERUGINI. MARCUS STONE, A.R.A. GEORGE STOREY, R.A. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. J. J. TISSOT.
JULES GOUPIL (Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).	HENRI LEVY (Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
PAUL BAUDRY (Commander of the Legion of Honour, Member of the Institut).	PIERRE AUGUSTE COT (Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
GUSTAVE JACQUET (Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).	CAROLUS DURAN (Officer of the Legion of Honour).

ALSO,  
"DYING TO SAVE THE QUEEN'S COLOURS,"  
E DEATH OF LIEUTENANTS MELVILLE AND COGHILL, 24TH REGT.

AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF ISANDHLWANA,  
Painted by Mr. C. E. FRIPP, Special Artist to "The Graphic" during the whole  
of the Zulu Campaign.

There is also Exhibited a choice selection of ORIGINAL WATER-COLOUR  
and BLACK and WHITE DRAWINGS, the Engravings from which have from time to time appeared in "The Graphic."

### MILLAIS'

New Picture,

### "LITTLE MRS. GAMP,"

a companion to the celebrated "CHERRY RIPE," has been added.

THE GALLERY IS OPEN DAILY FROM TEN TILL SIX.

Admission, including Illustrated Catalogue, ONE SHILLING.

### ROYAL PANORAMA GALLERIES, Leicester Square.

LE SALON A LONDRES.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by MM. Baudry, Bonnot, Bonvin, J. Boulanger, J. Breton, Carolus Duran, De Kniff, Robert Fleury, Gérôme, Hebert, Henner, Jules Lefebvre, Madrazo, Meissonier, Rousseau, Tissot, &c.

Sculpture by Carrier-Belleuse, Grévin, &c.

Open MONDAY, June 6, from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. Admission ONE SHILLING.

### GUARDI GALLERY, II, Haymarket.

FIFTH SUMMER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IS NOW OPEN.

"TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY."

"MAIDENS AT THE WELL."

BY HERMANN PHILIPS.

"DANCE MACABRE," by BEULLIURE.

"THE CHALLENGE," by DOMINGO, and many other Continental Works.

Admission 1s., including Catalogue.

### LA SOCIETÉ DES AQUARELLISTES FRANÇAIS.

Now on View, an EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS by the members of the above Society at GOUPIL and CO.'S GALLERIES, 25, Bedford St., Covent Garden. Admission, 1s. An Illustrated Catalogue has been published.

### YORKSHIRE FINE ART AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION, YORK.

NOW OPEN,

THE SUMMER EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS,

and the

PRINCE OF WALES'

MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF

INDIAN PRESENTS.

Admission One Shilling.—Excursionists Sixpence.

### BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR

TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and Brighton for Victoria at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; also from Victoria on Sundays at 10.55 a.m. and from Brighton at 8.30 p.m.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s.

### THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY.

Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

EPSOM SUMMER RACES.

May 31st, and June 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.

### LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

THE ONLY ROUTE to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Race Course) is from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junction.

### EPSOM DOWNS STATION.—This spacious and convenient station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared by the Brighton Railway Company for the Epsom Race Traffic, and additional First Class Ladies' Waiting Rooms, elegantly furnished, will be provided.

### FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS AND CHEAP TRAINS

between the above Stations on all Four Days of the Races, also extra First Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.

### EPSOM TOWN STATION.—Express and Cheap Trains to

Epsom Town Station will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued to Epsom Downs will be available to return from Epsom Town Station.

Note.—Tickets taken by the South Western Company's Route to Epsom are not available to return by the Brighton Company's Direct Route from the Station on the Race Course.

For further particulars, see small bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, where tickets may also be obtained.

These Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 30th and 31st, and June 1st and 2nd.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

### GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via

Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail new swift Steamer *Columba* or the *Iron* from Bridge Wharf, Glasgow, daily, at 7 a.m. and from Greenock at 9 a.m., conveying Passengers for Oban, North and West Highlands. Official Guide Book, 2d.; Illustrated Copies, 6d. and 1s. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free, at Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers, 214, Piccadilly, London, or by post, free, from the Owner, DAVID MACRAYNE, No. 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.



### THE BULL DOG CLUB SHOW

See page 533.

### FRANCE AND TUNIS

### THE BEY AND HIS PRIME MINISTER

The recent rulers of Tunis, Achmet Bey (1857), Mohammed Sadik Bey, the present Sovereign (1859), have proved liberal, enlightened, and reforming Sovereigns. Through their efforts the slave-trade has been suppressed, numerous obnoxious and oppressive taxes and monopolies repealed, political equality established, and even municipal liberties secured in the capital. The present Bey was born in 1809. He has been decorated by nearly every Power in Europe, and is a G.C.B. His Prime Minister, Mustapha Ben Ismael, was born in 1847, and has been in power since 1877. The Tunis correspondent of the French journal, the *Voltaire*, in describing a long interview which he had with Mustapha, the Bey's Prime Minister, says: "I was received in the Minister's study. He seems to be fond of clocks, for there were eleven in the room. Mustapha is a man of about thirty, with a thin moustache. His features are finely cut, but the mouth is Oriental and very sensual. He is at once a sceptic and a Mohammedan."—Our portraits are from photographs by J. Guarrigues, Tunis.

### THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE

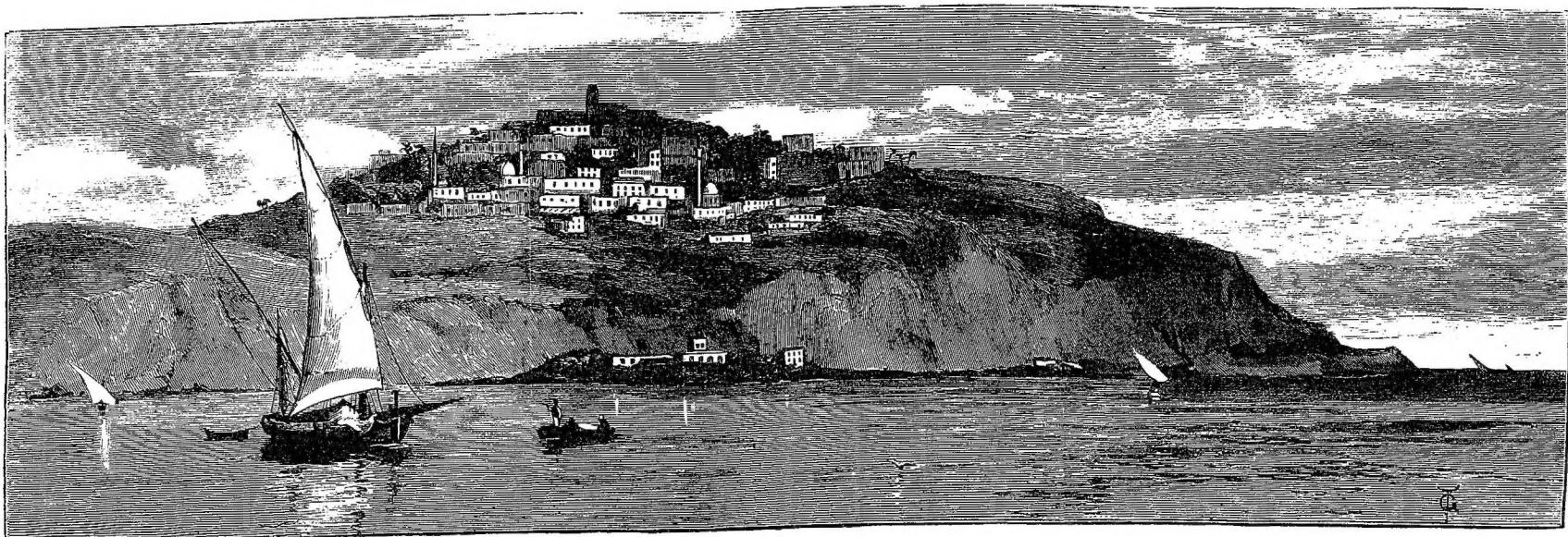
CARTHAGE is said to have been founded by a Phoenician colony from Tyre about B.C. 852, and continued in uninterrupted prosperity for upwards of 700 years till its destruction by P. C. Scipio B.C. 146. It was afterwards rebuilt with considerable magnificence by Augustus. It then became the chief seat of Christianity in

Africa, and many of its most splendid buildings were destroyed with a view of rooting out the last traces of Paganism. Its utter destruction, however, did not begin before the Arab invasion in 697, since when one generation after another has continued the operation with unremitting zeal, until nothing now remains of the great city save a few cisterns and some shapeless masses of masonry. The situation of the city was singularly well chosen, on the shores of a well-sheltered bay. Carthage consisted, properly speaking, of three different towns, all enclosed within the same wall: namely, Byrsa, the Citadel, which occupied the site of the present Chapel of St. Louis; Cothon, which included the port and the commercial quarter; and Magaria, which stretched from the banks of the lake to the seashore below the village of Sidi Bou-Said, which is shown in our engraving on the crest of the hill.

### THE BEY AND THE BRITISH OFFICIALS

OUR other engraving represents an interview between the Bey and his Premier, aided by an interpreter (the standing figure), on the one side; and Mr. Reade, the British Consul-General, Captain Tryon, C.B., A.D.C., and six officers of H.M.S. *Monarch*.—These two engravings are from sketches by Commander W. P. Haynes, of H.M.S. *Monarch*.

### THE PERSIAN MISSION AT ST. PETERSBURG



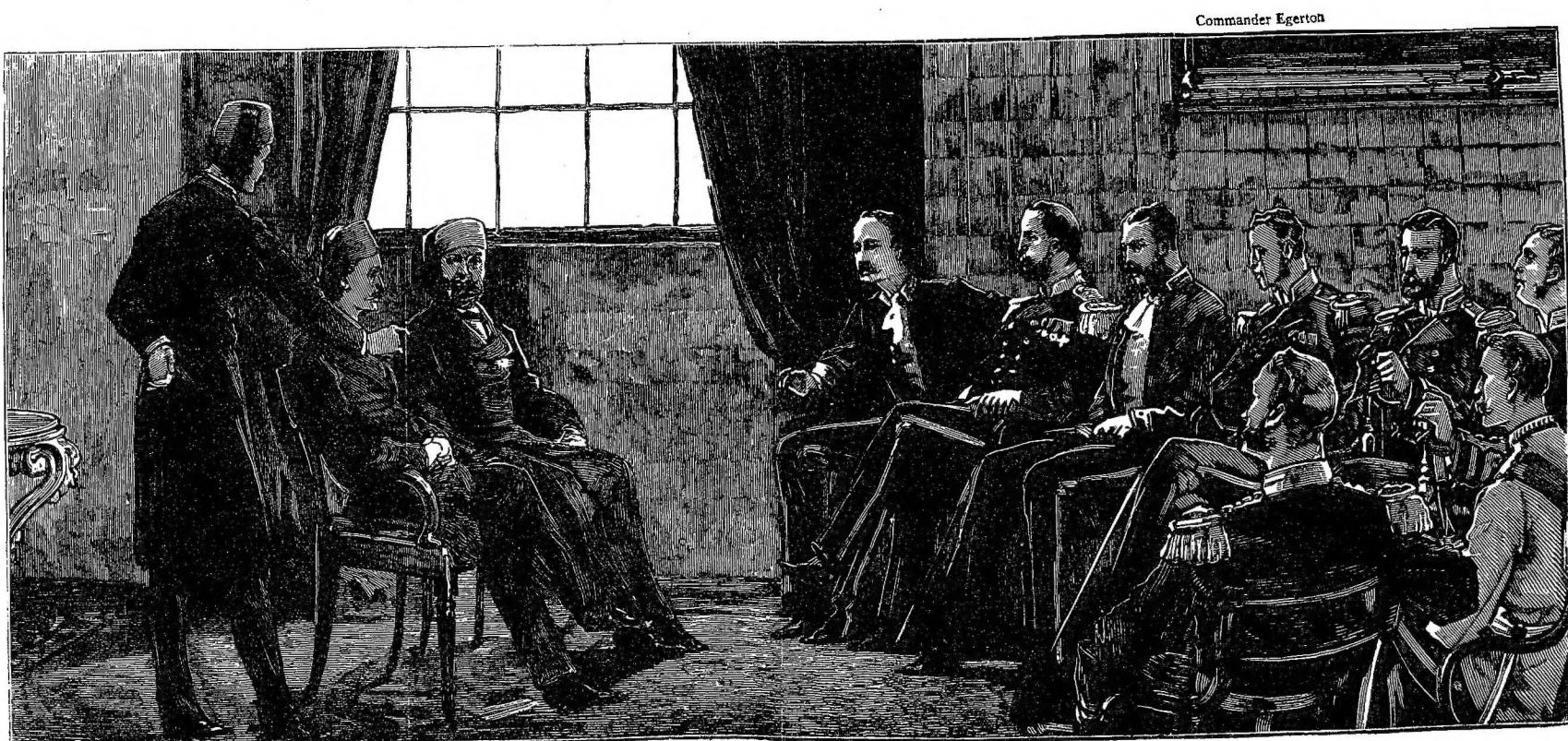
THE VILLAGE OF SAIDI BOU SAID, SHOWING THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE



SIDI MOHAMMED ES-SADEK, REIGNING BEY OF TUNIS



MUSTAPHA, PRIME MINISTER TO THE BEY OF TUNIS



Interpreter

The Bey's Prime Minister

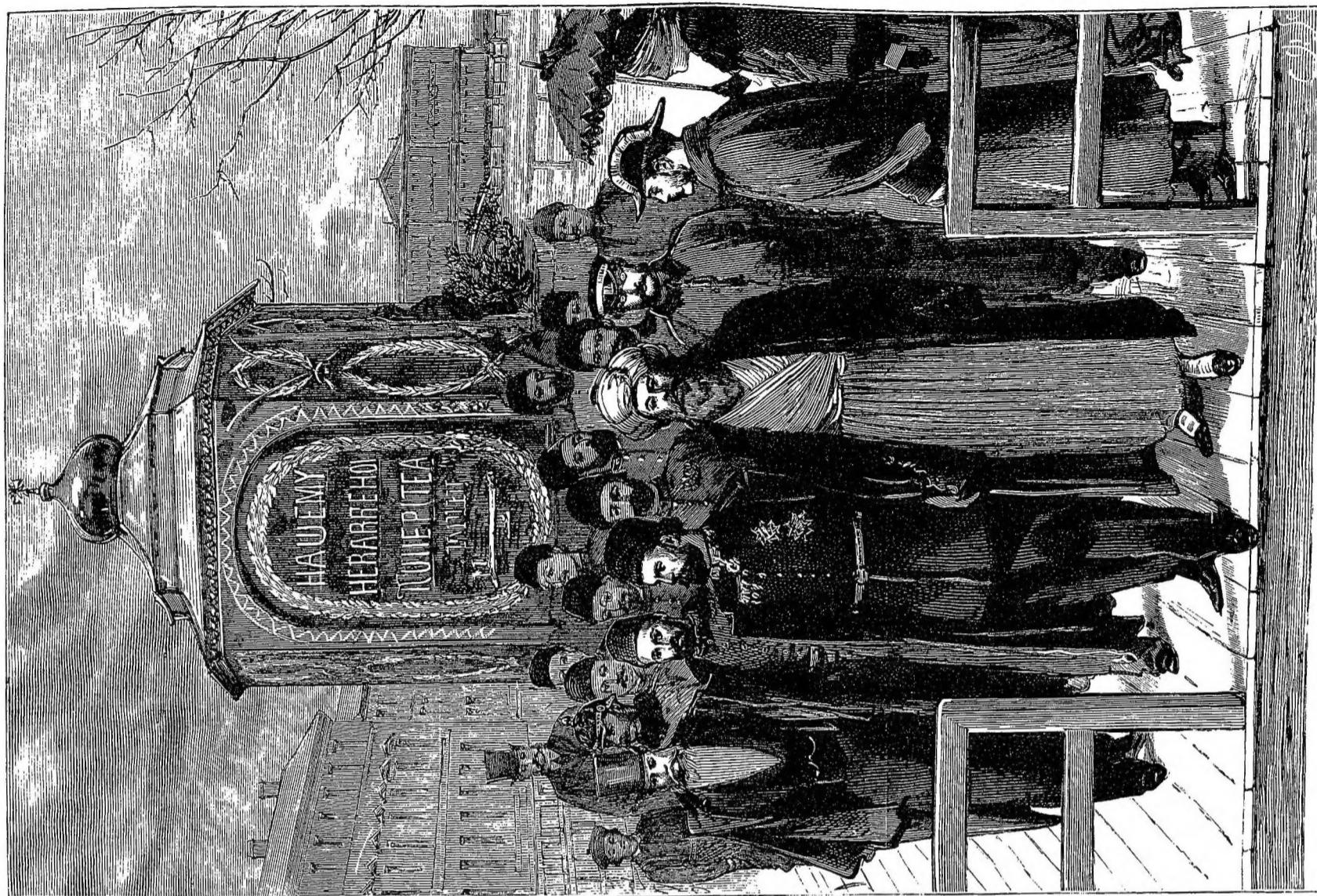
The Bey

British Consul-General

Captain Tryon

INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE BEY AND THE BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL AND CAPT. TRYON OF H.M.S. "MONARCH"

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TUNIS



THE PERSIAN ENVOY VISITING THE SHRINE MARKING THE SPOT WHERE THE LATE CZAR WAS ASSASSINATED AT ST. PETERSBURG



THE LATE RISING IN THE TRANSVAAL—A BOER VEDETTE

The illustration of the Officers' Quarters, Fort Commelin, is from a sketch by Lieutenant C. E. Commelin, R.E., and represents the interior of one of the most important look-out stations and redoubts, positions which might have been occupied by the enemy to the great discomfort of the camp. The fort is a rough stone block-house, holding a garrison of from twenty-five to thirty men, and a Krupp gun. As a look-out station it proved invaluable; a very wide expanse of country and several of the principal centres of the besieging force being visible from it.

#### A BOER VEDETTE

ONE of the chief features of the Boer force was the number of scouts who, well-mounted and armed with capital rifles, kept headquarters well informed of the British movements, and maintained communication between the various Boer detachments. The Boers are as good horsemen as they are sharpshooters, and are admirably fitted for every species of guerrilla warfare.—The illustration is from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp.

#### PARTING SHOTS AT CANDAHAR

HERE we have one of the closing incidents of our recent occupation of Candahar. A forty-pounder battery is firing at the outer wall of Old Candahar—a ruined and deserted city, situated at about three miles from Candahar proper. The object of this assault was to use up the spare ammunition of the battery for which carriage could not be found when the evacuation should take place. The walls were found very hard to breach, being made of clay and unbaked bricks, and being over sixteen feet in thickness.

#### CHINESE VISITORS AT HASLAR HOSPITAL

THIS sketch represents a visit recently paid to the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, Gosport, by the Chinese Admiral Ting Joo-Chang, who was accompanied by Captain Clayson, of the Chinese Imperial Marine Customs, who acted as interpreter, and by two Chinese officers and Lieutenant Garbett, R.N. The Celestial party was conducted through the wards of the hospital by Deputy Inspector-General Wells and the medical officers, and seemed much pleased with the arrangements, the Admiral, who spoke English very well, expressing some astonishment at learning that the treatment of diseases by our naval and military surgeons was on the whole of a precisely similar character. A small Chinese dog belonging to Dr. Wells appeared to recognise the costumes and features of his compatriots, with whom he at once placed himself upon the most friendly terms.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. H. B. Collins, of Haslar Hospital.

#### THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

THIS NEW STORY, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 525.

#### THE SPORTING PARSEE

On, the Sporting Parsee has come out in his best! In breeches and boots is his nether man dressed; But save his good oilskin headdress he has none, His father and grandfather wore that alone. So faithful to caste yet so stylish is he, You ne'er saw a swell like the Sporting Parsee. So gaily he rode to the Hog Hunting meet, Though they quizzed his get-up, they approved of his seat; Some questioned the reason that brought him that way, So far from the haunts of his race in Bombay, "He's a dealer in horses, an agent for tea, Disguised in the garb of a Sporting Parsee!" When the boar broke from cover, our friend led the van, In a style which said plainly, "You may catch me who can," Said the young ones, "Bad luck to his boots and his breeks," But the old ones looked sly, with their tongues in their cheeks. For, dealer or agent, 'twas easy to see. They'd a rum one to beat in the Sporting Parsee. The boar was in form, and soon rattled the pace, And left the low jungle the open to face, The horses may fret, and the riders may fume, For it seems that the "Sahib fog" must lower their plume, And a sound fills the air like a rather big D, "We are beat for the spear by a Sporting Parsee!" One touch of the spur, and one reach of the spear, And the Parsee heart bounded, the prize was so near. But so swiftly the boar 'cross the horse's legs swung, So lightly across at right angles he sprung! He is down, with a crash, on his oilskin topee, And there is an end of the Sporting Parsee! Cut off from the hills, the boar does what he can, To afford entertainment to horse and to man; And many a charge meets with many a thrust, Ere he falls in his tracks and lies dead in the dust. Then they gather around him, and give three times three, With an extra good cheer for the Sporting Parsee!

#### SKETCHES IN BRITISH BURMAH

No. 1 is a "Hpoongee" or Buddhist monk. The Hpoongees live in monasteries called "Hpoongee Kyoungs," and often keep schools. They shave their heads, and wear saffron-coloured robes, and are in many ways like our "monks of old."

No. 2 is an invalid in a bath-chair, attended by his son, going to pay his respects at the pagoda. On arriving at the foot of the pagoda steps he will be lifted out by his "tchoung" or servant and his son, and carried up to one of the "kyoungs" or praying-houses in front of the pagoda.

No. 3 represents a scene on the road leading from the town to the Shoo Dagom Pagoda, the largest pagoda in Burmah, on the Feast of "Thordalle." The feast takes place during the Buddhist Lent, and the people bring up offerings of rice and other eatables, and place them on altars in front of the pagoda, where they remain until carried off by crows and kites. In the foreground is a group of people taking a rest by the way.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Charles Irwin Fry, Lieutenant 89th (P.V.) Regiment, Rangoon, British Burmah.

#### "HER SWEETEST FLOWER"

THIS is a very pretty picture, but, like many similar productions of our English painters, the subject is rather idealised. That is to say, the itinerant flower-girl of actual life is seldom such a pleasing, modest-looking creature as this, nor is she provided with such a delightful old mother to bring her little baby. We do not deny that there may be such specimens as are here represented, but they are rarities. The French are far more honest and uncompromising in their treatment of such subjects.

#### "AMUSING HIS LORDSHIP"

BABIES are, as a rule, rather solemn little creatures; the laughter and gaiety which is a special attribute of healthy childhood belong to a later period, when the important art of locomotion has been acquired. The stolid expression, therefore, on the face of this Lilliputian lordship is thoroughly true to Nature, and it is just possible that he is mentally addressing the young lady somewhat as follows: "If you fancy that these idiotic antics amuse me, you are mistaken. But I put up with them, partly because I cannot help myself, and partly because they assist me in my study of the relative distances of objects, a phenomenon of which at first I was quite ignorant." The girl dancing closely resembles a figure in a picture by a foreign artist, now exhibiting at the United Arts' Gallery in Bond Street.

#### "ON DUTY"

THE horseman here is evidently not riding on a pleasure excursion. His errand is a pressing one, and he is either the village

parson or the village doctor. A dreary extent of moorland stretches before him, while the gusts of wind and the overcast sky portend bad weather. Amid the gloom of the landscape the figure of the shepherd-boy, who is showing the way, and of his faithful dog, stand out very agreeably.

#### FJII AND THE ISLAND OF ROTUMAI

ON the 14th November, 1879, the native chiefs of Rotumah signed, at their own express desire, a formal deed of cession of their lands to Great Britain, and the annexation of the island, as an integral portion of the Fiji group, was gazetted on Dec. 31st, 1880. The new possession is a volcanic isle, with several long-extinct craters, and lies about 250 miles NNW. from the nearest Fijian land. It is about sixteen miles long by four or five broad, and rises in gentle well-wooded slopes from the sea to a range of hills, forming its backbone, and having an elevation of 800 feet. The lower lands are fertile, yielding large crops of yams, taro, and bananas, and the hills are thickly covered with cocoa-nut palms. The greater part of the interior is either densely covered with scrub, or walled in and surrendered to large herds of pigs which, as in Fiji, form the chief source of wealth to the natives. The island is surrounded with coral reefs, but there are anchorages on the northern side, named Oinafa and Lee Harbour. The climate is highly favourable, and there is a plentiful rainfall, so that in all probability sugar, cotton, and coffee can be grown to advantage. The population numbers about 4,000, divided into six tribes, but, as they are very fond of seafaring, a great many of them are generally "not at home." They are a small, clear copper-coloured race. The first tidings of Christianity were brought to them by Tongan teachers, and so quickly did the new faith spread that, in spite of persecution, when the first white teacher arrived he found half the population were already professed Christians!

We are indebted for some of the above information to the interesting letters recently published by Miss Gordon Cumming,\* who accompanied Lady Gordon to Fiji when Sir Arthur Gordon was appointed first Governor of the Colony in 1875. These letters extend over a period of two years, during which time Miss Cumming appears to have enjoyed a sort of perpetual picnic, made piquant, however, by a pleasant spice of danger. She saw Thakombau, "King of the Cannibal Islands," a very fine, chief-like, stately old fellow, and his favourite daughter Andi Quilla, whom she saw at Nasova, fishing with her maidens, all clad in the lightest raiment of daintily woven garlands. She made long journeys by sea and land to the various stations of the Wesleyan missions, explored rivers—bathing in quiet pools when opportunity offered—slept in churches (*not* during service), conversed with eminent ex-cannibals, and ate any quantity of roast pig, which is the chief native dainty. The war dance, or "devil meké," which she witnessed once or twice, is a very wild and striking performance. These dances begin by the war parties advancing slowly, attitudinising and swinging from side to side. Gradually they become more animated, and brandishing their spears and clubs, or sometimes old muskets, they go through very varied and intricate evolutions; but though the speed and action go on increasing till each dancer seems to be performing the closing movement of a sailor's hornpipe; the time and rhythm are maintained with extraordinary exactness. The natives, as will be seen from our engravings, are extremely well formed and intelligent people, some of them, indeed, both men and women, being strikingly handsome. Their dress is simple and picturesque, consisting generally of a sort of petticoat of brown native cloth, with an additional covering of woven leaves, garlands of which are worn by the ladies across the shoulders. The men wear also a train of white cloth, which, contrasting with their brown skins, has a very striking effect.

Our illustrations, which are from sketches by Mr. Arthur Gordon, require little further explanation. Nos. 1, 3, 10 and 11 are sketches in Fiji, the others in Rotumah.

The buildings on the beach, in No. 4, are native sleeping-houses, whilst the Wesleyan Mission-house, shown in No. 8, was inhabited by the Deputy-Commissioner pending the annexation.

#### CENTRAL AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES

AMERICA, though styled the New World, has had an ancient civilisation of its own worthy to compete with those of Egypt and Asia. Centuries before Columbus crossed the Atlantic this civilisation had vanished away, and nothing now remains to tell of these bygone glories save ruined buildings upon which are inscribed hieroglyphics hitherto undecipherable. The present Franco-American expedition, however, under M. Charnay, to explore the ancient ruins of Mexico and Central America, promises to afford further knowledge of a civilisation whose history has apparently been lost.

Mr. Henry Fowler, of Belize, British Honduras, who is much interested in these researches, has sent us drawings of the various kinds of antiquities which have been discovered. Some of these drawings are from photographs by Dr. Le Plongeon, who is now with the Charnay Expedition in Yucatan.

No. 1 is a specimen of the picture-writing of the Aztecs, and portrays a law-suit respecting an estate. It contains a complete record of the proceedings in the case. This form of picture-writing, though now a lost art, was continued up to the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The Pyramid of Cholula (2) is on the high road from Puebla to Mexico. Its base is twice as large as that of the Pyramid of Cheops, and covers 44 acres. It is composed of four storeys, and 120 steps lead to the platform on the top. It is constructed to correspond with the four cardinal points, and it is said to commemorate the Tower of Babel. It is dedicated to Quetzalcoatl, a great moral teacher like Confucius and Buddha, among the Aztecs.

The principal colours used in these mural paintings (3) are blue and yellow, with light red for flesh tints. According to Dr. Le Plongeon the picture represents the Queen Kinich-Kakmo, when a child, consulting an astrologer as to her destiny. Her fortune is told from the lines produced by fire on the shell of an armadillo or turtle.

Among the ruins of Copan in Honduras there are many stone columns like that here represented (4). It stands with the face of a supposed idol to the eastward, and at the foot of the column is an altar. The column is 13 feet high, is sculptured on the four sides, and is covered with hieroglyphics (hitherto undeciphered) doubtless telling the history of the figures carved on the column.

The Mexican Calendar Stone (5) is a sun-disc or stone of sacrifice. In the centre is graven the face of a sun-god, surrounded by mysterious symbols. It is 11 feet 8 inches in diameter. It was ordered to be made by a King of Mexico towards the end of the fifteenth century, was buried after the overthrow of the temple by Cortes, was accidentally dug up in the market-place of Mexico in 1790, and was built into the wall of the Cathedral, by order of the then Viceroy.

This statue (6) is now in the inner square of the National Museum at Mexico. Chaac-Mol (the name signifies "spotted tiger") is said to have been the great warrior-chief of Chichen-Itza.

The specimen of Relief in Stucco at Palenque may fairly compare with the beautiful works of the Augustan age. An effigy of the sun is seen on the ornament hung round the neck.

#### OUR OBITUARY RECORD

See page 533.

\* "At Home in Fiji," by C. F. Gordon Cumming. Author of "From the Highlands to the Himalayas," 2 vols., with Map and Illustrations. (W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London).

#### THE CAPTURE OF MR. SUTER BY BRIGANDS

MR. HENRY SUTER who, with his wife and child, was carried off by brigands on the 7th of April, and who has just been liberated, the British Government having paid his ransom, is the son of the late Mr. Frank Suter, sometime British Vice-Consul at Varna. He had been for a long time resident in the East, being engaged in mining operations, and at the time of the outrage was staying at a village, called Nisovor, or Ivor, in the Turkish province of Salonica, one of the reputed birthplaces of Aristotle. The brigands, about fifty in number, led by three captains, broke into his house about half-past ten at night after the family had retired to rest, and Mr. Suter at first snatched up his rifle, intending to defend himself, but, finding that he was overwhelmed by numbers, he threw open his chamber door and bade them enter. Meanwhile the Turkish soldiers had arrived, and were firing into the house from all sides, to the imminent danger of captors and captives alike, but Mr. Suter went out on the balcony and entreated them to cease firing, and to allow them to pass out unmolested, the brigands having threatened them with instant death in the event of a rescue being attempted.

Mr. Suter, with his wife and child and four servants, were then led away by the brigands, who about fifty yards outside the village were joined by a large number of their comrades, and took their way up to the top of a mountain. The journey lasted about two hours, the climbing being very arduous, but the brigands treated their captive with the utmost consideration, frequently insisting on their resting, offering them water, making cigarettes for Mr. Suter, and even going back to find a doll which the child had chance to drop. When they reached the summit they halted in a grassy plain surrounded by thick brushwood and trees, and here they held a long council, after which they decided to liberate Mrs. Suter and the child, and to send them with two of the servants with a letter from Mr. Suter to Mr. Blunt, the Consul General at Salonic, demanding a ransom of 15,000/. for Mr. Suter to be paid within fifteen days. They declared themselves to be the same band which had captured Colonel Syng, to whom they desired Mrs. Suter to remember them warmly. All of them seemed to belong to a superior class, speaking not only Greek, but Italian, Albanian, and one of them even English. Mrs. Suter went in hot haste to the Consul General at Salonic, and immediately communicated with Mr. Goschen, and the result has been that, after prolonged negotiations, the British Government has paid the full ransom demanded, and Mr. Suter has been liberated.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

#### PRIVATE THEATRICALS

A successful entertainment of this nature was given on the 12th and 16th inst. by Mr. Harry Quilter, at his residence, The White House, Tite Street, Chelsea. The White House was formerly inhabited by the eccentric painter, Mr. Whistler, and one of its distinctive features was a studio of unusual dimensions. This studio the present proprietor had caused to be converted into an elegant and comfortable theatre, capable of seating some two hundred persons. The pieces represented were *Sweethearts* and *Uncle's Will*. In both plays Mr. Quilter appeared, and acted with considerable finish and intelligence; in the former he was supported by Mrs. Johnson, a lady happy in combining great charm of person with considerable histrionic talent; in the latter by a young lady whose pleasing appearance was only equalled by her ability as an actress; and the Hon. S. Bethell, who performed the part of a hypocritical old man with a power and a humour rarely seen on the amateur stage. Mr. Quilter, well-known as a writer on Art and an artist of no mean ability, had designed and painted a handsome act-drop, and had also furnished the design for a programme, etched by Mr. Yeatherd. There was also some pretty scenery from the brush of Mr. E. K. Johnson, a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. The audience numbered many whose names are familiar either in the literary, the artistic, or the theatrical world. Prior to the first performance, a dress rehearsal (the subject of our illustration) was witnessed by one hundred and twenty Chelsea Pensioners, who were by kind permission permitted to attend, and these veterans by their frequent applause showed that they not only enjoyed the play, but warmly appreciated the efforts of the players.



**THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.**—The sixty-second anniversary of the birth of Her Majesty was celebrated on Tuesday in the usual loyal manner, both in London and the provinces, military displays and dressing of ships being the order of the day at all the garrison towns and naval stations.

**THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY** held its annual meeting on Monday, when the Royal (Founder's) Medal was awarded to Major Serpa Pinto for his remarkable journey across Africa; and the Patron's Medal to Mr. B. L. Smith for important discoveries along the coast of Franz-Josef Land. Lord Aberdare was re-elected President, and took the chair at the banquet in the evening.

**THE LOSS OF THE "DOTEREL."**—The survivors of this ill-fated vessel arrived at Lisbon on Tuesday. They all agree in their accounts of the disaster. There were two explosions, with an interval of a few seconds between. The first is thought to have been the bursting of the boiler, and the second the blowing up of the powder magazine. According to one statement, a great tongue of flame leapt up between the funnel and the foremast, and the ship broke in halves, the fore part sinking at once, and the after portion more gradually.

**IN IRELAND** we have had a succession of sensational events. First came the arrest of Father Sheehy, the first priest who had been dealt with under the Coercion Act; then came the news of the miniature war at New Pallas, Limerick, where a couple of regiments are now besieging a party of peasants who have entrenched themselves in a castle. Bloodshed was imminent when the military first arrived, for they were received with a volley of stones and sticks, and the police who were with them had just got the order to load when Father O'Donnell, the parish priest, rushed in front of their rifles, and thus, at the risk of his life, stopped the fray. It was ultimately resolved to invest the castle, and starve out the peasant garrison. On Monday Mr. Brennan, the Secretary of the Dublin Land League, was arrested and conveyed to Naas Gaol, there being no room at Kilmainham, where more than seventy "suspects" are now confined. Mr. Brennan was one of the defendants in the recent State trials, and he was also arrested last year on a charge of using seditious language, but the prosecution was dropped. The present warrant charges him in the usual way with inciting to resist the process of law.—The lady Land Leaguers seem to stand in as little awe of the Government as their male coadjutors. Miss Parnell, for instance, is as unpleasantly outspoken as ever. The other day, at Moville, she is reported to have spoken of the Government of Ireland as "a mixture of murder and robbery, sometimes tempered by fraud and lies, sometimes with no reserve at all about it." Cromwell was an honest old scoundrel, but Gladstone, Bright, and Forster are not honest old scoundrels."

**THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.**—On Tuesday, Lord Granville, replying to a deputation from the Anglo-Jewish Association and the Board of Deputies, said that all nations were naturally jealous of

interferences with their internal affairs, and therefore he thought it would not be judicious to make official or public representations on this subject to the Russian Government, which he believed had no complicity with the outrages. Referring to the case of Mr. Lewisohn, he said that no formal demand could be made unless he had been treated contrary to the laws of Russia. After leaving the Foreign Office the deputation adjourned to the Westminster Palace Hotel, where several large donations were promised towards the fund for the relief of the houseless Jews in Russia, and it was announced that collections would be made in all the synagogues throughout the British Empire.

MR. BRADLAUGH continues to advocate vigorously his right to enter Parliament. Addressing a meeting at Newcastle on Tuesday he declared that nothing but military force would prevent him from presenting himself at the table of the House; and at Keighley on Saturday, he said that he would not submit to force, but he must submit to law. He would in every town and village of the county make this appeal to the people that he now made to them, so that when he went to the House again, as go he would, he would know that he had the voice of the people behind him. Some of his supporters are said to have entered into a solemn, albeit eccentric covenant, to abstain wholly from the use of intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and snuff "until justice be done." It is also announced that, with the view of preventing Mr. Clarke and others from taking further proceedings against him for sitting and voting without taking the oath, his friend Dr. Aveling has served him with a writ, claiming the gross penalties incurred on the whole number of votes given by him, which amount to the nice little sum of 350,000/. The meeting at Exeter Hall on Friday last was a most tumultuous one, and bitter have been the recriminations of either party since it was held, the promoters accusing their opponents of having used forged tickets of admission, and they retorting that professional prize-fighters, in the guise of stewards, instead of policemen, were employed to eject obnoxious persons. Both statements are, however, denied by the acknowledged leaders of the contending factions. An ineffectual attempt was made by the intruders to take possession of the platform, but ultimately Earl Percy took the chair, and after some speeches had been made amid much uproar, the resolution protesting against the admission of avowed atheists into Parliament was carried by a large majority. A large crowd outside the Hall was unable to obtain admission, and the Bradlaughites, after leaving the Hall, held a large counter-meeting in Trafalgar Square.

THE NATIONAL DRESS SOCIETY, the objects of which are to promote the adoption, according to individual taste and convenience, of a style of dress based upon considerations of health, comfort, and beauty, has prepared a model costume, which may be seen at 27, Mortimer Street, W.

THE RAILWAY PIER at Portsdown, opposite Bristol, was partly burnt down early on Monday, and the watchman, whose only means of reaching the shore end to give the alarm was by rushing through the flames, was so badly burnt that he died the same night. The fire is thought to be the work of an incendiary, and suspicion points to some of the Severn Tunnel workmen, 300 of whom struck work on Saturday.



THAT state of affairs in the House of Commons which Mr. Gladstone recently referred to with light heart as an "evil dream," has made itself once more manifest. The scenes are somewhat less violent in their outbreak than some that have been witnessed at the earliest stages of the history of the new Parliament. But the general outlook has never been more hopeless. It is, of course, the Irish Members who are chiefly responsible for this state of affairs. The Conservative Opposition, as far as it follows the leadership of Sir Stafford Northcote, is standing wholly aside from the conflict. Nothing could be better or more patriotic than its behaviour. So far from attempting to make capital out of the difficulties in which the Government finds itself, Sir Stafford Northcote, the other night, readily assented to the suggestion thrown out by Mr. Gladstone, as to how the more pressing difficulties of the hour might be met. The Irish members were clamouring for opportunity to discuss the arrest of Mr. Dillon. As the Premier pointed out, they had many natural opportunities which they wilfully neglected. They might, for example, have brought the case on on Tuesday of last week, instead of which they carefully counted out the House, and let the evening run to waste. Like spoiled children they not only cry for the moon, but insist on having it placed in their hands in a particular manner by persons whom they fretfully indicate. They want to discuss the arrest of Mr. Dillon. But they will do it only when the Premier should give them an opportunity, either out of Government time or out of the time of private members. Thus persistently urged, Mr. Gladstone threw out the suggestion that if the House generally would agree, a morning sitting might be taken on Tuesday for the discussion of the case. Sir Stafford Northcote at once, and as far as he was concerned, consented to this proposal, which made the arrangement assured.

This happened on Friday night, and Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking about seven o'clock, added the rider that of course this arrangement was agreed to upon the understanding that the motion for adjournment, then under discussion, should be withdrawn, and the ordinary business of the House permitted to proceed. The Irish members grasped at what was proffered them, but at the same time stuck to the advantage in hand, and went on with the wearisome iteration of abuse till it was too late for the business on the paper to be brought on. On Monday the campaign was promptly renewed, series of questions relating to Irish affairs being addressed to the Treasury Bench. In respect of more than one of these, the questioner was convicted of being uninformed as to some of the principal and elementary circumstances which he brought forward for the sympathy of the House and the denunciation of the Chief Secretary. Thus, Mr. T. D. Sullivan and Mr. Justin McCarthy jumped down upon Mr. Forster with questions relating to evictions in Tipperary, which they alleged were due to the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. To the ordinary matter-of-fact English mind, it would be incredible to learn that whereas Mr. McCarthy had not got hold of the right name of the evicted tenant whose cause he advocated, both members were ignorant of the date of the eviction, which it turned out had taken place in June, 1879, not only before the Compensation for Disturbance Bill was introduced, but whilst yet the Conservatives were in power.

A discomfiture like this might be expected in ordinary cases to shut up clamour for at least a decent interval, till people had had an opportunity of forgetting the blunder. But it has not the slightest effect upon Irish Members. One mistake more or less striking in a bunch of exaggerations is of small account, and they proceeded to the full length of their tether. The surreptitious publication of a confidential circular issued to the Irish police gave a fresh impetus to the attack. Since Tuesday had been set apart for full discussion of the indictment against the Chief Secretary, Mr. Forster, whilst accepting full responsibility for the circular, declined to discuss it on Monday night. Whereupon Mr. Callan moved the adjournment of the House. Fortunately for the House, Mr. Callan's relations with

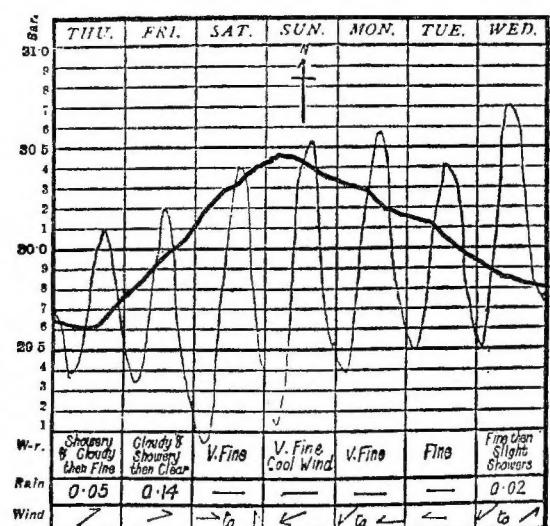
his party are something akin to those of Ishmael with his tribe. A confederation which embraces Mr. Healy leaves Mr. Callan outside its pale. When he thus presumptuously undertook to move the adjournment without asking Mr. Parnell's permission, he was rightly punished by being left without a seconder. In such case the motion could not be put, and, after two hours wasteful expenditure of energy, the House was permitted to approach the business of the day.

But in the House of Commons just now the business of the day is approached only through long avenues. Monday had been reluctantly set apart from pursuit of the Land Bill in order to complete the necessary business of the Budget Bill. Several amendments to the motion to go into Committee barred the way. The first, which raised the old question of a statement on local taxation being brought in after the fashion of the annual scheme of Imperial taxation, was negatived after a moderately brief debate. This prevented divisions being taken on any of the succeeding amendments. But it did not prevent gentlemen in charge of them delivering their speeches. Mr. M'Liver, who is to Free Trade what Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett is to Foreign Policy, rambled through a speech which had several beginnings, and appeared to have no end.

At twenty minutes past ten, six hours after the House had met for business, business began. No complaint could be made of the discussion in Committee on the Budget Bill. It was close and persistent. But at least Members had ideas to present and convictions to urge. Mr. Gladstone, worn out with waiting and watching, conducted the Committee single-handed, answering all objections, and more than ever showing himself open to conviction by making concessions urged from the benches opposite. At half-past one the Irish members, who had been absent since question time, returned, and in pursuit of that profound concern for the due performance of business which has always distinguished them, protested against further discussion at that late hour. They were joined by Lord Randolph Churchill, who had gloriously shared with them the successful undertaking of wasting time at the early part of the sitting, and who seemed none the worse at one o'clock in the morning for the tremendous drubbing he had received from Lord Hartington at five o'clock in the afternoon. After a brief contest the Irish members got their way. Committee was adjourned, and at half-past three in the morning Mr. McCarthy made his speech, avowedly on the arrest of John Dillon, but principally on the conduct of the Irish Secretary, whom under the figure of Jonah he advised the Government to throw overboard.

At the morning sitting the so-called "debate" was resumed, Mr. O'Donnell occupying the lion's share of the sitting. Mr. Forster replied in a vigorous speech, and, under the personal direction of Mr. Parnell, steps were taken to continue the attack till the moment at which the sitting naturally became suspended. This avoided a decision on the challenge they had so noisily and persistently thrown down. On Wednesday the Irish members were good enough to stay away, and the afternoon was given up to discussion of such commonplace topics as the arrangements of House Removals in Scotland, the care of lunatics in England, and the administration of Charities in the City of London.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK MAY 19 TO MAY 25 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the beginning of the week the barometer was highest over France, and lowest to the northward of our Islands, while small subsidiary and very shallow disturbances were passing across the country from west to east. The wind was light in force, from between south-west and west, and the weather mild and rather cloudy, with showers at intervals. On Saturday (21st inst.) the area of high readings began to move northward towards the south of England, and on Sunday (22nd inst.) it had travelled to the North Sea. Owing to the change, the wind in London now shifted to the eastward, with exceedingly fine and dry weather, and although the temperature of the air was affected to a large extent by the cool easterly breeze, the thermometer on Monday (23rd inst.) rose as high as 72 deg. in the shade. On Wednesday (25th inst.) the weather began to change to cloudy and more unsettled, and the air at the same time became very close. The changes in the barometer at neighbouring stations showed that conditions were becoming favourable to the formation of thunderstorms; in France, indeed, thunder had already been experienced on Tuesday (24th inst.). The barometer was highest (30.45 inches) on Sunday (22nd inst.); lowest (29.63 inches) on Thursday (19th inst.); range, 0.82 inches. Temperature was highest (74 deg.) on Wednesday (25th inst.); lowest (64 deg.) on Monday (23rd inst.); range, 33 deg. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.21 inches. Greatest fall on any one day (0.14 inches) on Friday (26th inst.).

OVERCROWDED STEAMBOATS.—The Atlantic telegraph has just brought us news of a terrible and fatal disaster which occurred at Springbank, near London, Canada, where a river steamboat laden with 600 excursionists capsized in twelve feet of water, and 175 of her passengers were drowned. The accident is attributed to the extreme overcrowding of the vessel, and it is to be hoped that it may act as a warning to all people on this side of the Atlantic who have anything to do with the management of river steamers. Our summer has just begun, and while it lasts the Thames and other streams in the vicinity of great cities will naturally be crowded with pleasure-seekers, and the business of the steamboat companies will be very largely increased. No more opportune moment could, therefore, be chosen for calling attention to this question, which is one that affects the safety of the lives of many thousands of men, women, and children. It is, of course, well known that each steamer plying on the river is licensed to carry a certain number of passengers, her freight being estimated according to her capacity for accommodation; and it is equally well-known that for every passenger found on board over and above this stated number the owners are liable to a certain penalty. It is, however, notorious that the law is almost universally disregarded, and that very seldom indeed are any steps taken to enforce it. To satisfy one's self of the truth of this assertion, it is only necessary to take one's stand upon the Thames Embankment, or upon one of the bridges, on any fine warm day, especially on Saturdays and Sundays, or Bank Holidays, and watch for half-an-hour or so the steamboats which are continually passing up and down the stream. In nine instances out of ten it will be observed that almost every inch of space on deck is occupied, the people being wedged so closely together

that they can scarcely move, and the boat swaying and lurching about in a manner calculated to excite the apprehensions of the most self-possessed. This being the usual condition of affairs, it is a matter for wonder, as well as thankfulness, to thinking people, that steamboat accidents occur so seldom as they do. This fact, however, is no justification for the foolhardiness with which the public risk their lives, nor for the habitual disregard of the conditions of the licences by the steamboat companies' officers, and the negligence of the police, whose duty we suppose it is to see that the law is strictly obeyed. There may be special occasions when the rush is so great as to be entirely beyond control, and any attempt at interference would probably only add to the danger; but at all ordinary times the pier-masters and captains might easily prevent the embarkation of more than the proper number of passengers, and they would soon find it to be their interest to do so, if neglect were invariably followed by prompt prosecution and fine.



MR. FAWCETT'S STAMP DEPOSIT SAVING SYSTEM is to be tried in the New Zealand Government schools, and if successful will be introduced generally throughout the colony.

BEAVERS seem likely to be exterminated in Germany. The colonies in the Elbe, which have hitherto been highly-prized owing to the comparative rarity of the animal in Central Europe, have done so much damage to the bark of the woods along the river that the game laws protecting them are to be reduced to a minimum.

A WOMAN'S STOCK EXCHANGE is held daily in Paris at a confectioner's near the Bourse. Here, the *Parisian* tells us, between two and five P.M., congregate innumerable ladies all bent on serious business, well versed in 'Change slang, clad soberly in dark colours, and ready to conclude important monetary operations.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM has received from the French Government twenty-three Sèvres vases, two floral and ornamental subjects in Beauvais tapestry, and a copy in Gobelin tapestry of Chirlandajo's well-known picture in the Paris Louvre, the "Visitation," as examples of modern French Art manufactures.

"BOOT-STRETCHER TO THE ROYAL FAMILY" is a decidedly rare title, yet there still lives at Baden an old man who for many years filled this office to the father of the present Austrian Emperor. His only duty was to wear the Archduke's new boots until they were sufficiently easy for his Royal master, and the old retainer now enjoys a comfortable pension for his services.

THE FIRST COINS STRUCK IN THE UNITED STATES bore a portrait of Martha Washington, the great General's wife. When, however, the General saw the likeness he was highly indignant, and before any more money was issued he had the features of the effigy altered, and a cap placed on the head, this being the original of the present Goddess of Liberty on American pieces.

MDLLE. ROSA BONHEUR, who has quite recovered from her late illness, is now working at a life-size picture of a lion and lioness, with their cubs, in a lair in the desert. The studies for the picture were taken from a family of lions which Mdlle. Bonheur kept for three months last summer in the grounds of her villa near Fontainebleau, and when the artist had finished with her models she presented them to the Paris Jardin des Plantes.

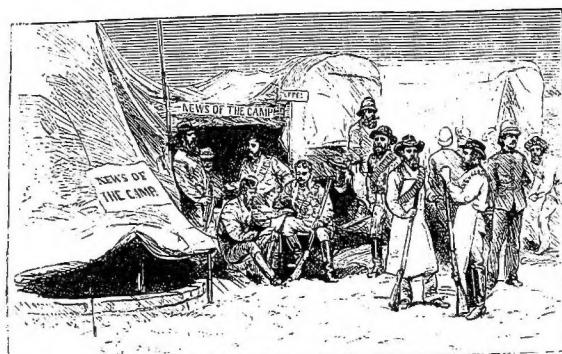
LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,488 deaths were registered against 1,427 during the previous seven days, an increase of 61, being 14 above the average, and at the rate of 20.9 per 1,000. There were 103 fatal cases of small-pox (against 69 the previous week), and deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 256, a decline of 1, and 16 below the average; different forms of violence caused 58 deaths, and ten cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,463 births against 2,561 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 59. The mean temperature was 53.1 deg., and 0.9 deg. below the average.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS SALON, published by M. F. G. Dumas, gives a very fair idea of the principal pictures in the chief Art exhibition across the Channel at this season, and to those who cannot visit it for themselves will prove an exceedingly interesting volume. The illustrations, which are facsimiles of the artists' own sketches, are certainly above the average of those which do service for similar publications in England, and in some instances, such as M. de Neuville's "Despatch Bearer," M. Deschamps' "Dreamer," M. Giron's "M. Taskin as Dr. Miracle," and several others, are little works of art in themselves. It is a curious editorial slip, however, to label M. H. de Callias' "Danae"—"Diana." What would the chaste goddess have said to this?

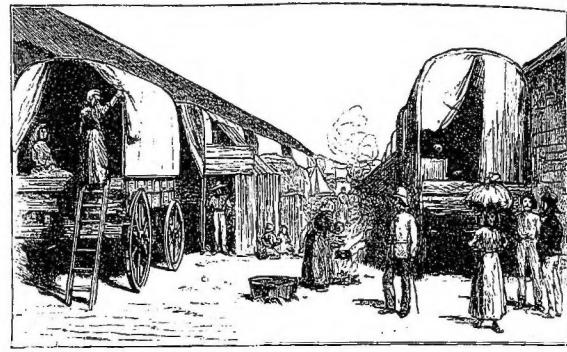
TELEGRAPH-OPERATORS in Austria, following the example of their British colleagues, are now complaining bitterly of their hardships, and have sent up a long list of their grievances to Parliament. Their work, they state, is trying alike to sight and hearing, they have few or no holidays, and suffer particularly from the night-spells. Indeed, during the forty years of statutory service they have to work 3,640 nights, thus going without sleep, as a whole, for ten years. From this cause, out of the 100 officials entering the Government service at the age of 25 only 48 reach their 65th year, and only 13 are likely to accomplish the term of service, and retire on full pay. Accordingly the operators petition that the term of service may be reduced from 40 to 30 years.

M. VICTOR HUGO'S NEW WORK, "Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit," will be published in Paris on Monday. As the title indicates, the book is divided into four distinct styles of composition, the first volume containing satirical and dramatic pieces, the second epic and lyric poems. For the first time for many years also, M. Hugo produces in the dramatic portion of this work a new comedy *Margarita*, and a drama *Esa*, which are connected under the title of *Les Trouvailles de Gallus*, and bear the motto *Gallus, escam querens, margaritam reperit*. The action of both pieces takes place in the eighteenth century. M. Hugo, by the bye, seems much pleased with the compliment paid him by the re-naming of the Avenue d'Eylau, where he lives, "Avenue Victor Hugo," and has written to the Prefect of the Seine, "Dear colleague, dear Prefect,—It seems to me that one tie more binds me to this noble city of Paris. I thank you with profound emotion."

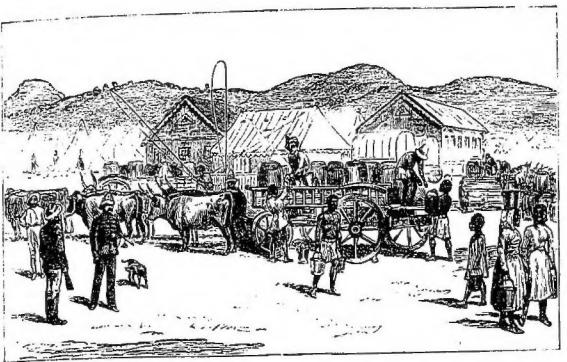
THE FESTIVAL DINNER of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women was held at Willis's Rooms on the 24th inst., the Prince of Wales presiding, supported by the Lord Mayor, M.P., and the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex. In a very touching and eloquent speech his Royal Highness set forth the claims that this excellent charity had upon the benevolent public. Funds, he said, were urgently needed; but unfortunately subscriptions came in very slowly. The generosity of many had no doubt been restrained by the agricultural and commercial depression from which the country had so long suffered. This institution, one of the oldest of our hospitals, had during the seventy-one years of its existence afforded relief to 400,000 sufferers. At the conclusion of the evening subscriptions amounting to 1,800£ were announced. Donations or subscriptions for the Royal Hospital for Children and Women will be thankfully received by the bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand; Messrs. Fuller and Co., Lombard Street; or by the Secretary, Richard J. Keslin, Esq., at the hospital, Waterloo Bridge Road, S.E.



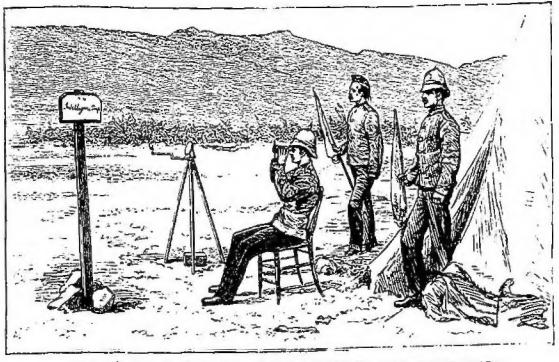
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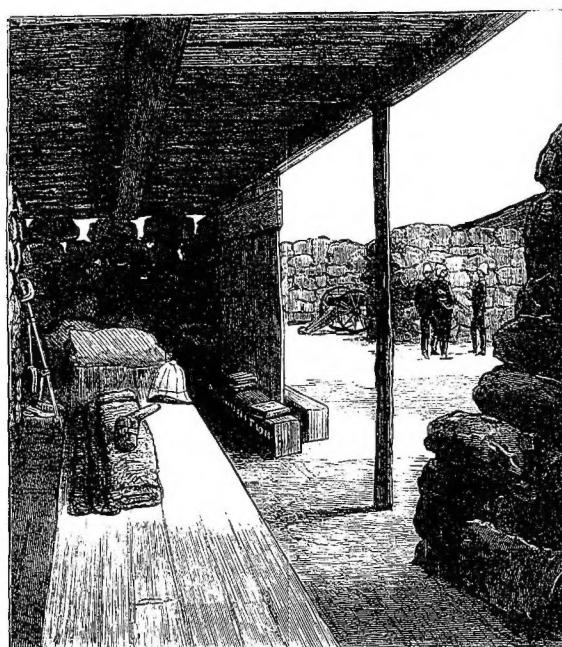
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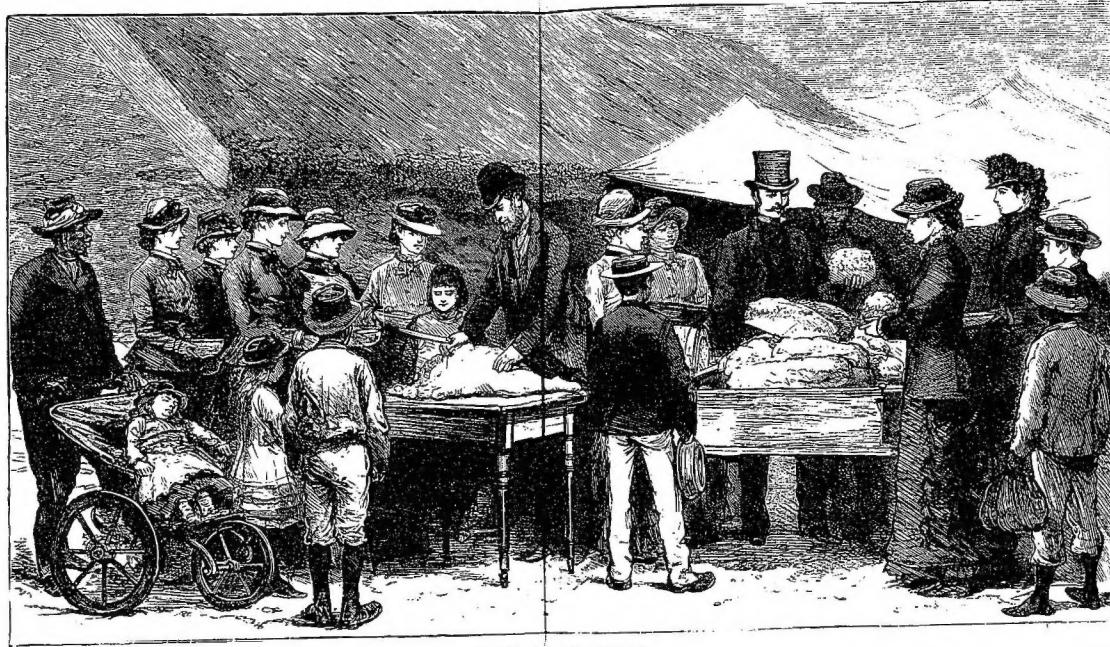
OUR WATER SUPPLY AND HOSPITAL, FLAGSTAFF SQUARE



INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT—"HELIGRAPHING AND SIGNALLING"



OFFICERS' QUARTERS, FORT COMMELINE



SERVING OUT THE RATIONS



THE DOCTOR GOING HIS ROUNDS



BOER PRISONERS TAKEN AT THE CAPTURE OF ZWARTKOPJE



THE GARRISON COMMANDANT, LIEUT.-COL. GILDEA, AND STAFF



**AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.**—The Greek Frontier Convention was signed on Tuesday at the British Embassy, Constantinople, by the Ambassadors of the Powers and the Turkish delegates, and thus another troublesome phase of the hydra-headed Eastern Question is drawing to a close. The first point which will be handed over to Greece will be Arta, of which possession will be given up in about three weeks. The chief stipulations of the Convention are that the inhabitants of the ceded districts shall enjoy full civil and religious liberty; that the Mahomedan religion is to be fully permitted; that the inhabitants are to have three years to make their choice of nationality; that a full and reciprocal amnesty is to be declared; and that Greece is to assume a portion of the Turkish debt proportionate to the extent of the ceded provinces. The Greek Government has been showing manifest signs of impatience at the delay in the settlement, and up to the last moment the preparations for an eventual war were carried on, King George on Monday signing a decree ordering the formation of six additional line regiments. It is not expected, however, that Greece will raise any serious difficulties with regard to accepting the Convention.

At CONSTANTINOPLE the arrest of Midhat Pasha as an accomplice in the murder of the late Abd-ul-Aziz, and the approaching trial of the persons implicated in the affair, is exciting the greatest possible interest. It is now said that the assassination was not the act of a few palace conspirators, but that it was definitely decided upon at a Cabinet Council, and that Sultan Murad was a consenting party to his brother's death. At first the present Sultan was somewhat inclined to hush up the matter, but on consideration he determined to prosecute the then Ministers for so criminally advising the weak-minded Murad. Thus Mehemed Rushdi, who was Grand Vizier at the time; Midhat Pasha, the President of the Council of State; Hassan Khairullah, the Sheik-ul-Islam; and the Sultan's two brothers-in-law, Mahmoud and Nouri, will be amongst those tried for the crime.

In BULGARIA there is evidence that the Prince's high-handed action, though popular in the main, is likely to meet with considerable opposition from the Liberals, who are working hard to secure a majority in the forthcoming Great National Assembly, which has been summoned for July 13th, and to which the Prince intends to appeal for autocratic powers.

In ROUMANIA the coronation of the King and Queen took place on Sunday at Bucharest, with all the formalities consequent on such an important ceremony. The Archbishop-Primate officiated, and the King and Queen were crowned on a dais erected in the open air, on the summit of a hill between the Chamber of Deputies and the Metropolitan Church. The King's crown is of steel, manufactured from the guns captured at Plevna, while that of the Queen is of gold. After the ceremony there was an assembly of the members of the Senate and Chamber at the Palace, the King making an appropriate speech, and declaring that "this day's solemnity closes a period of fifteen years fraught with great struggles and mighty deeds."

**FRANCE AND TUNIS.**—On Monday the Tunisian Treaty was ratified by the Chamber of Deputies, with only one dissentient. M. Clemenceau attacked the Government for having violated the Constitution by having marched upon Tunis without Parliamentary sanction, and taunted M. Barthélémy St. Hilaire for his "gratitude" to Germany for her support. M. Delafosse, also, thought that England and Italy ought to have been consulted in the matter, as "a noiseless agreement was better than an arrogant isolation," but the remarks of these gentlemen do not appear to have made any impression upon their hearers, as the voting was at once proceeded with. The Senate discussed the Treaty on Wednesday, when, notwithstanding an attempt at obstruction by M. de Gayardie, it was voted urgent. In Tunis itself there is a subdued excitement amongst the Arabs, and a serious outbreak has also occurred on the Enfida property, while the authorities in other quarters have to exercise all their influence to prevent local risings. The heir apparent still refuses to sign the Treaty, and the Bey and his surroundings are said to be considerably downcast.

There has been an outbreak in ALGERIA, where some rebels attacked a French column, and were only defeated after a hotly contested engagement. The French, however, are taking the most energetic steps to crush the movement in the bud.

In France proper the great battle of the *Scrutin de liste* has been fought and won by M. Gambetta, who, as had been expected, made a noteworthy speech on the occasion. He alluded to the imputations of personal motives, which had been "ridiculously" attributed to him, but declined to answer them, and powerfully advocated a return to the old electoral system, from a National and Republican point of view. He declared that the system was the nearest approach ever known to that unity of the Electoral College which he regarded as the ideal of perfection. The intimidation and corruption notorious in 1877, and which necessitated the quashing of many elections, could never have occurred with the *Scrutin de liste*. In France, and especially under a Government based upon public opinion, it was of the utmost importance to establish an electoral system capable of reflecting exactly that opinion. This appeal was eminently successful, and out of a house mustering 500 (the whole number of Deputies is only 525), the motion was carried by a large majority. For the benefit of those persons who may not have closely studied the subject, we may mention that by the mode of election which has just been abolished, *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, each electoral district elected its own member, as in England. By *Scrutin de liste*, however, the whole of the members of a Department will be elected by the whole of the voters—each voter having as many votes as there are Deputies to be elected, there being a Deputy to every 70,000 inhabitants. There is little other political news, for many Deputies, feeling that their own death warrant, as regards Parliamentary life, has been sealed, now that local influence will have little to do with electoral success, are taking but little further interest in the proceedings, and the most noteworthy subject has been a debate on the measure prohibiting American pork, which the Government are determined to maintain, until the experiments which are now being made respecting trichinosis are completed. M. Gambetta is celebrating his victory by visit to his native town, Cahors, where he has been received with royal honours.

In PARIS there has been little stirring even in theatrical circles, the only novelties being a monologue, *Oh! Monsieur*, by M. Gondinet, at the Vaudeville; and a comedy, at the same theatre, by M. Gastineau, entitled *L'Inratable*.—The death is announced of M. Duverger de Haaranne, a devout follower of M. Thiers.

**ITALY.**—There is still considerable excitement over the Franco-Tunisian Treaty. General Garibaldi has written two characteristic letters, declaring that his good opinion of the French Republic is now effaced, and the Italian Republicans have addressed a letter to "French Democracy and Victor Hugo," bitterly reproaching France for its policy of egotism and conquest. Poor King Humbert has been at his wits' end for a Prime Minister. Signor Sella, after many vain efforts, gave up the attempt to form a Cabinet in despair, Signor Farini declined on the score of ill-health, and finally M. Depretis has undertaken the task.

**RUSSIA.**—The anti-Jewish agitation is spreading to an alarming extent, and is being still further complicated by forged telegrams being sent in the name of the St. Petersburg authorities to the civil and military commandants, ordering them to take no steps to put down the movement. In the South thousands of Jews have been ruined and rendered homeless, in Moscow many wealthy Israelites have received threatening letters, and have abandoned their country houses; while in St. Petersburg the Jews are afraid to go to their country residences. The Government is taking energetic steps to protect these unfortunate people, and within a week made 1,227 arrests, while the Czar has received in a most marked and gracious manner a Jewish delegation, which, headed by Baron Glücksberg, went to Gatschina to lay the matter before him. The Czar assured them that the Jewish question should receive his best attention, and directed them to lay a memorial of their grievances before the Minister of the Interior.

The Nihilists have promptly answered the Czar's manifesto of autocracy by a circular eulogising the "martyred criminals" of March 18th, recounting the hardships inflicted upon their imprisoned and exiled brethren the "true believers," roundly abusing the late Czar, telling Alexander III. that he is deceived and swayed by false counsellors, and appealing to him, the "Czar of All the Russias by God's Grace," to rule by "God's grace," and to "put no trust in your people around you, listen to them with prejudice, and your Majesty need not fear another catastrophe."

**INDIA.**—Both Ayoob and Abdurrahman are now actively preparing for the coming conflict. The latter intended to leave Kabul on the 19th inst. with the whole of his available troops, while Ayoob has circulated inflammatory letters declaring that he refused the British terms as disgraceful to Islam, of which he is the champion. He announces his intention of marching upon Candahar next month, and calls upon the faithful to aid him in expelling Abdurrahman, "a servant of the Infidel." Abdurrahman's chief chance lies in prompt action, as Ayoob is personally much more popular with the Durans.

There is some excitement in Calcutta owing to the authorities having prohibited open-air preaching. It appears that one of the missionaries declared the Bible to be the only exponent of the truth, and challenged the Mussulmans and the Brahmo Somaj to produce anything similar in their sacred books. This challenge being taken up some disturbance ensued, which culminated in open-air services being forbidden altogether. The missionaries, however, disregard the prohibition, and the Lieutenant-Governor has been applied to for further instructions.—Sir William P. Adam, the Governor of Madras, died on Tuesday. We shall publish his portrait shortly.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—In GERMANY the death of Count Armin at Nice has excited very little interest, the Bismarckian papers merely noting the fact with scarcely any comment. Prince Bismarck is of opinion that a return to the system of *Scrutin de liste* in France will prove of advantage to the Clericals, whose power M. Gambetta has considerably underrated.—SPAIN has been busy celebrating the second centenary of Calderon's death. Madrid has been crowded with visitors—85,600 arriving in one day, while the festivities in honour of the "Shakespeare of Spain" have been most brilliant. We reserve any detailed account of these, as we hope to publish some engravings of the proceedings next week.—In DENMARK a Socialist editor, Herr Jorgensen, has been arrested for inciting to the murder of the King and the establishment of a Commune.—In the UNITED STATES the Garfield-Conkling quarrel is still the all-absorbing topic, and both sides are looking forward to May 31st, when the Senatorial elections will take place.



The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Princesses Victoria and Elizabeth of Hesse, arrived in Scotland on Saturday. Having breakfasted at Perth, where the Royal party were welcomed by the Lord Provost and magistrates, Her Majesty and the Princesses stopped for a short time at Ferryhill Junction, and thence went straight to Ballater. Here a guard of honour of the 71st Regiment awaited them, and the Royal party drove straight to Balmoral. Since their arrival the Queen and Princesses have taken the usual walks and drives, and on Monday were joined by Prince Leopold. Tuesday was Her Majesty's sixty-second birthday, which was kept with the customary honours at Balmoral and in the provinces, a special parade being held at Aldershot. In London, although St. Paul's bells were rung and flags were displayed, the celebration was deferred till to-day (Saturday), when there will be the usual trooping of colours at the Horse Guards, official dinners, and illuminations. The Queen's age has only been exceeded by eleven English sovereigns since the Conquest, of whom George III. was the oldest—eighty-two years, while only four British monarchs have reigned longer than Her Majesty, who on June 20th will have ruled over Great Britain for forty-four years. The Queen returns to Windsor about June 22nd.

The Prince of Wales returned to London early on Monday morning from Vienna, having spent three days in Paris on his way. Princess Louise lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and subsequently the Prince held a *levée* at St. James's Palace, on behalf of the Queen, while in the evening he accompanied the Princess and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz to the Italian Opera. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess with their daughters went to the amateur performance at the Gaiety in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, and in the evening the Prince presided at the festival dinner of the Royal Hospital for Women and Children, Waterloo Bridge Road, going afterwards with the Princess to Viscountess Clifden's Ball. Next evening the Prince and Princess went to the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, at which the other members of the Royal Family were also present. Last (Friday) night the Prince and Princess were to attend a conversazione at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and to-night the Prince dines with the Premier in commemoration of the Queen's birthday. On June 7th the Prince visits Yarmouth.

The Duke of Edinburgh is making a tour of inspection round the Devon and Cornish coastguard stations in the *Lively*, accompanied by the Duchess. On Sunday they visited the King and Queen of Sweden at Bournemouth, and next day went to Sidmouth. On trying to land from the steam launch the sea proved so high that the Royal party had to be transferred to the Sidmouth lifeboat, while during their subsequent drive to Exmouth the carriage-pole broke, and the Duke and Duchess were obliged to walk. They afterwards visited Exeter, and rejoined the *Lively* at Torquay. On Saturday the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will visit Mr. and Mrs. Dorrien Smith in the Scilly Isles.—The Duke of Connaught's present residence, Bagshot House, has been presented to him by the Queen for life. The house, however, is so old, and unsuited to modern requirements, that it is to be pulled down and entirely rebuilt. The Duke on Saturday presided at the general meeting of the Committee of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, dined with the Chairman and members of the Board of Works, and went to the Opera with the Duchess.—Prince Leopold has been created Duke of Albany, Earl of Clarence, and Baron Arklow. Created in 1898, when it was conferred on the

second surviving son of Robert II. of Scotland, the title of Duke of Albany was first held as a British dignity by Frederick, second son of George III. It is also associated with the Young Pretender, who was Count of Albany, this title being claimed by his alleged descendants down to the last Comte d'Albanie, who died some months since.—The Princess Louise not being sufficiently strong to accompany the Marquis of Lorne on his Canadian tour will postpone her return until after July.



**THE ROBERTSON-SMITH CASE.**—On Tuesday, after a debate which lasted the whole day, the Free Church General Assembly resolved, by 439 votes to 218, not to interfere with the action of the Commission in October last suspending Professor Robertson-Smith.

**THE SCOTTISH CHURCH ASSEMBLIES** have commenced their annual sessions. The Earl of Aberdeen is this year Lord High Commissioner of the Established Assembly, and Dr. Smith Cathcart the Moderator; whilst the new Moderator of the Free Assembly is Dr. Laughton, of Greenock.

**MURDER OF MISSIONARIES IN NEW GUINEA.**—The London Missionary Society have just received news of the massacre by the natives of Kato, Port Moresby, Hulu, of four missionaries, with two of their wives, four children, and two servants. The message comes from the Rev. Mr. Beswick, who himself narrowly escaped, and who says that there was not the slightest provocation for the attack.

**THE MAY MEETINGS** continue to be held, though not in such overwhelming numbers as during the past few weeks. Among those which we have not yet noticed are the Christian Evidence Society, the Lord's Day Observance Society, the Moravian Missions, the Anglo-Israel Association, the Congregational Board of Education, the Friends' Foreign Mission Association, the Ragged Church and Chapel Union, and the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity.

**THE "NEW" NEW TESTAMENT** is selling on both sides of the Atlantic by the hundred thousand, and from the publishers' point of view is an undeniable success, especially as "all rights are reserved." The work has excited quite a commotion in literary and religious circles, in which Jews, Roman Catholics, and every sect of Protestantism take part, whilst within the Church itself a dispute has arisen as to whether it may or may not be used in the pulpit in lieu of the "Authorised" Version, which it seems is after all no more authorised in the legal sense of the term than any other translation. One serious fault found with the new Version by preachers of more denominations than one is the fact that some alterations in the text will make it necessary for them to revise many of their old sermons, or write new ones.



**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—Madame Sembrich's *Dinorah* quite came up to the expectations of those who have hitherto watched with interest her talent both as actress and singer on the boards of Mr. Gye's theatre. The music does not everywhere accommodate itself so readily to her means as that of other parts she has essayed, but much of it suits her perfectly, and of this she takes striking advantage. Avoiding detail, let us at once cite the picturesque scene with the Shadow, terminating in the famous "Ombra leggiera." Allowing for an occasional tendency to overdrawn sentiment, in the simple and touching slow movement, "L'incantatore della montagna" (*violin obbligato*, Mr. Carrodus), this was in all respects admirable; and the execution of "Ombra leggiera" itself was especially brilliant; and as usual, the lively peroration, "Ah brava! sai qua!" with its climax on the high D flat, in obedience to a desire expressed with hearty unanimity by the audience, had to be repeated. Madame Sembrich's embodiment of the character, dramatically considered, if somewhat wanting in spontaneity and altogether in that weird deportment which (though unknown to Marie Cabel and Miolan Carvalho, the originals in Paris and London) has been assumed with more or less felicity by almost every Dinorah since Ilma di Murska set the example, is always intelligent, and therefore acceptable. On the night following (Tuesday), Madame Adelina Patti made her first appearance, and as invariably happens when that auspicious event has to be recorded, the house was crowded in every part by an audience that gave it all the aspect of a gala night. The opera chosen was Rossini's gorgeous *Semiramide*, a work that is likely, if only by reason of its affluence of melody, to survive for an indefinite period the cynical sneers of our latter-day iconoclasts, who, having no melody of their own to speak of, dub themselves, curiously enough, "the advanced school," and march on with blind self-exaltation to unknown regions. *Semiramide* is one of the most recent essays of Madame Patti, who does not see why she should not sing music so eminently singable, especially as every note of the vocal score lies easily within the range of her beautiful voice. She has now added *Semiramide* to her gallery, and in adding it has shown not merely confidence in her powers, but judgment to boot. True, in respect of age, stature, and robustness, Madame Patti is unable to conjure up any of the formidable Semiramides to whom old opera-goers have been accustomed, from Pasta to Grisi, and from Grisi to Tietjens; but she has dignity nevertheless, and declaims the address to the courtiers, when the proud Assyrian Queen reveals to them the name of the hero whom she has chosen to share her throne, with the commanding accent of one who is "every inch a queen." Her vocalisation was as nearly as possible faultless throughout, her great displays being naturally the *caratina*, "Bel raggio," and the duets with Arsace, "Serbami ognor," and "Ebbene a te ferisci," the last comprising the *andante*, "Giorno d'orrore," in both of which she was materially aided by Madame Scalchi, the Arsace known so well and applauded so much. Madame Patti's next appearance will be in *La Traviata*—the heroine of which, by the way, after the first scenes, becomes more heroic than before, and more "serious" as the opera progresses. Mozart's *Il Seraglio* is in the bills—a treat for all lovers of music in its absolute purity.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Mr. Mapleson cannot be accused of inactivity. Besides *Aida*, he has given us *La Favorita*, *Il Trovatore*, *Martha*, and *La Traviata*, in a style that says much for the zeal and intelligence of his long-tryed conductor, Signor Arditi, who has the repertory at his finger-tips. When Mdlle. Tremelli has acquired the art of husbanding her resources she should make an excellent Leonora, the music being precisely suited to a calibre of voice for which Donizetti, like Rossini, wrote so gratefully. Similar criticism applies to her acting. In another Leonora, the Leonora of *Il Trovatore*, Mdlle. Adalgisa Gabbi confirmed all that was said in praise of her *Aida*. Her performance in Verdi's great Egyptian opera promised much, and her second essay entitles us to expect still more. She has a keen sense of dramatic fitness; the quality of her

voice is extremely sympathetic; while her manner of phrasing, so natural and evenly balanced, adds to its charm and proclaims her an artist in the true significance of the term. Mdlle. Gabbi was again received with marked approval. In the *Trovatore*, as in the *Favorita*, Mille. Tremelli, Signors Ravelli and Galassi rendered good service, Mille. Azucena, and Di Luna. Signor Ravelli possesses a fine voice, but should beware of straining it, as in the vociferous air, "Di quella pira." There was a very fair cast for *Martha*, Plotow's one popular opera, and a generally effective performance. Lady Jinrichetta is hardly a character so well suited for Mdlle. di Muska as Dinorah, giving far less scope for her marked individuality. But whatever this lady does she does with artistic consciousness; and as it is with her other characters, so is it with *Martha*—a pale creation, it must be admitted, by the side of Wagner's Senta, and Donizetti's Lucia, which rank among her most forcible assumptions. Signor Ravelli is a sufficiently sentimental Lionel, and Signor Del Puente a Plumkett in as sufficiently strong contrast. A Nancy more lively and prepossessing than Mdlle. Anna de Belocca it would be far to seek. Signor Corsini is by no means a bad Tristano; so that, with the orchestra and chorus efficient at all points, the somewhat hackneyed opera of the Russian composer was listened to with considerable satisfaction. About the *Traviata*, announced for Thursday, with Mille. Lilli Lehmann (Wagner's original Flosshilde), we must defer speaking. To-night Madame Christine Nilsson makes her first appearance for the season as Margarita, with our English tenor, Mr. Maas, as Faust.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—To judge by the crowded state of St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, the extension of these entertainments into the summer season has diminished none of their popularity. No novelties were produced, but among the songs which were most warmly received was Behrend's "Auntie," admirably rendered by Madame Patey; Bishop's "Come live with me," by Miss Henrietta Beebe, who has a sweet voice, and a very finished delivery; Wellerin's "Wood," archly sung by Miss Clara Samwell; Randegger's "What are they to do," charmingly delivered by Miss Mary Davies; and "The Vicar's Song" from *The Sorcerer*, which Mr. Santley sings with a proper appreciation of its humour. The South London Choral Association were excellent in Pinsuti's "Hour of Softened Splendour," and the "Bells of St. Michael's Tower." The next concert (the last but one of the series), will take place on the 4th prox., at three o'clock.

WAITS.—Wagner has written a letter of thanks to Herr Neumann, acknowledging the zeal and ability shown by that gentleman in getting up the successful performances of the *Ring des Nibelungen* in Berlin. After the first "cycle" Wagner was compelled to return to Wahnfried at Bayreuth, but he hopes to be able to be present at the fourth. The few favoured apostles who have been allowed to look over the still unfinished score of *Parsifal* declare that it is much simpler in style than any of his other more pretentious works.—Among deaths that of Carl Schnebel, pianist and composer in Breslau, is announced; also that of Dingelstadt, for many years director of the Vienna Burgtheater.—The receipts of the 400th performance of *Der Freischütz*, at the Theatre Royal in Dresden (4,720 marks), go to swell the "King John Memorial Fund."—Johann Strauss is writing a new opera, to be entitled *Der lustige Krieg*.—No sooner did the Festival held at Freiburg in honour of Liszt came to an end than another was held in Antwerp; and yet another begins to-morrow at Brussels. The Freiburg celebration was attended by the great pianist himself, who even condescended to give an extemporaneous performance before a select circle of admirers.—Madame Etelka Gerster and Signor Campanini are to leave New York for London at the beginning of next month.—The Philadelphian Musical Festival (U.S.), under the direction of Dr. Damrosch, was a great financial, if not a great artistic, success.—At the anniversary Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, a new Service in E flat, by Mr. Joseph Barnby, was introduced, as well as Dr. Ferdinand von Hiller's fine setting of the 125th Psalm, "dedicated to his friend, Macfarren," which stood in the place of anthem.—Mr. Arthur Sullivan has returned from Paris.—Mr. Cross, of Southport, has leased Covent Garden Theatre for Promenade Concerts, to begin early in August.—At a recent concert in the Mansion House, given by the choir connected with the Guildhall Orchestral Society, Mr. Weinst Hill, the conductor, was presented with a handsome timepiece, accompanied with an address, signed by the members of the choir, in recognition of the valuable services he has rendered. The performers at the concert were nearly all members of the Guildhall School of Music, of which Mr. Hill is Principal.



THE amateurs who, on Tuesday afternoon, performed an original burlesque extravaganza at the GAIETY Theatre, written expressly for the occasion by Mr. Reece and Mr. Yardley, were to a considerable extent the same troupe, mostly composed of members of the Beefsteak Club, who some time since enacted an amateur pantomime on the same stage. Their objects are again of a benevolent kind, and it is expected that the Artists' General Benevolent Institution will thus receive no less a sum than 700*l.* The prices of admission had been doubled for the occasion, and a distinguished audience, which included the Prince and Princess of Wales, their family and suite, occupied the private boxes, stalls, and balcony—the pit alone exhibiting tokens of the depressing influences ordinarily attendant upon a raised tariff. Presumptively, of course, the audience consisted in great degree of relatives and friends of the performers; but there was, as it proved, little need of any very indulgent consideration for their efforts. The marvel rather was to see so many persons unused to the ways of the public stage going through all the customary routine of burlesque—the comic songs and parodies, the wild grotesque dances, the feats of agility, and the other extravagances of this class of entertainment. Among them, it is true, were a few veterans of the amateur stage, notably Mr. Knott Holmes, who in the pantomimic extravaganza of *Hercule the Hunted* played the part of an ex-keeper of Windsor Forest for what was understood to be "positively" (as the playbills say) his last appearance in this way. Among the stars of the performance we must not omit to mention Mr. Archibald Stuart Wortley, who as Sir Thomas Wyat dances with nearly as much grotesque sprightliness as Mr. Frederick Vokes, and who, moreover, sings well and plays with abundant humour. Captain Gooch also especially distinguished himself as Henry VIII.; and something more than honourable mention is due to Mr. C. G. Allan, Mr. C. C. Clarke, Mr. Ashby Sterry, Mr. A. Bastard, Captain L. Thompson, Mr. Jos. J. Maclellan, Mr. C. W. Trollope, Mr. Yardley, Mr. G. Northcote, Mr. Frank Miles, Mr. Leslie Ward, and Captain Barrington Foote, who all co-operated very efficiently, particularly in the grotesque hunting scene, a most successful feature of the performance. The amateur belles were represented only by Mrs. Livingstone Fortescue, assisted by those popular professionals, Miss Rosina Vokes and Miss Fortescue.

Mrs. Toole has enlivened the bill of the FOOLY by the production of a new "musical absurdity" by Mr. Reece and Mr. Knight Summers, in which the popular comedian appears in the character of "Cecil Streeter, Esq., an elaborate Cockney," who having eaten

a supper of that indigestible food Welsh rabbits (whence the title of the piece), is in a dream transported to a strange island inhabited by ladies, altogether ignorant of Margate and its ways. The humour of all this is reinforced by the supposed arrival of a surly boatman, represented by Mr. Gardien, besides a lodging-house landlady and a bathing-machine proprietress in the persons of Miss Eliza Johnston and Miss Emily Thorne. Something like a satirical turn is given to the action by Mr. Toole's efforts to make the fair inhabitants understand and appreciate his native cockney delights, and other peculiar products of modern civilisation, till the dream is suddenly dispelled. *Coralie*, the adaptation by Mr. Godfrey of M. Delph's comedy of that name, will be produced at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre this evening.—The season at the LYCEUM will terminate on the 23rd of July.—The programme of the HAYMARKET will undergo complete change on Saturday next, when the late Mr. Robertson's *Society* will be revived here, and a new piece—a version of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's *Zoologie*—will be produced, with the title of *A Lesson*.—The season at the PRINCESS'S Theatre will be brought to a close this evening.—On Monday next the company of the Meiningen Ducal Theatre will appear at DRURY LANE in a German version of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY

##### IV.

AMONG the marine and sea-coast painters Mr. Hook maintains his supremacy. We remember nothing by him, or any other artist, more convincingly true to Nature or more suggestive of the breezy freshness of sea air than his two pictures in the large gallery, "The Nearest Way to School" (192) and "Diamond Merchants, Cornwall" (258). They are remarkable for their just balance of light and shade and the harmony which exists between their different elements, as well as for their brilliant illumination and combined strength, beauty, and truth of colour. The figures to which the titles refer are characteristic, and more felicitously introduced than in some of his recent works, being exactly the right size for the place they occupy.

Mr. J. Brett's large "Golden Prospects" (445) is more remarkable for the beauty of its individual parts than for its comprehensive truth of effect. The large mass of rock in the foreground appears semi-transparent, and does not keep its place in relation to the rest. In this and in the artist's smaller work, "St. Ives Bay" (340), there is a vast amount of carefully-studied detail, but they both tend to morbid suavity of colour; the purple shadows in the clouds are certainly not beautiful, and, we think, not true. Mr. H. Moore sends a large and vigorous study of sea and sky, "Mid-Channel" (968); and Mr. W. J. Shaw two highly-finished pictures, "Atlantic Rollers" (530) and "A Comber" (536), in which the movement of the waves, at least as regards form, is admirably rendered. To reproduce the subtle beauties of tint in the incoming breakers, the reflected and transmitted, as well as the direct light, demands a more cultivated power of colour than the painter yet possesses.

In no picture in the exhibition is a story more clearly told than in Mr. S. E. Waller's "Success" (81). The bewilderment and remorse of the young man who has killed, or seriously wounded, his adversary in a duel, are extremely well rendered, while the other figures, including his second, who is hurrying him into a postchaise, the frightened servant, who is putting a cloak over his shoulders, and the old postboy, to whom the experience is evidently not new, by the expressiveness of their movements distinctly add to the dramatic significance of the scene. Besides the tact and skill with which the incident is realised, the picture is remarkable for its excellent technical qualities—its harmony of composition, correct design, and solidity of execution. Near this is a very animated and amusing picture, by A. Chierici, "A Frightful State of Things" (71), showing domestic fowls of various kinds, geese, ducks, and turkeys, besieging a little Neapolitan child perched on a high chair with a dish of polenta in its lap. The birds are depicted in a way that implies a familiar knowledge of their nature and characteristic movements, and the child, kicking up its bare feet and yelling lustily, is full of vitality. Mr. E. Crofts is not seen to great advantage in his picture of "George II. at the Battle of Dettingen" (101). There is a certain amount of impulsive energy in some of the figures, but the executive method is unpleasant, and the colour crude and harsh. Grace of design and perfect harmony of colour characterise Mr. Albert Moore's small single figure, "Yellow Marguerites" (114), but it has no especial quality to distinguish it from an infinite number of similar works that he has produced.

The half-length of a girl contemplating a letter, "Doubts" (310), by Mr. L. Fildes, is full of refinement; and there is a great deal of unsophisticated beauty in his picture of a servant girl shelling peas, "Dolly" (314), but his most vigorous and best work is "A Venetian" (378). The head of the young woman who is carrying a bundle of clothes and a copper-pot, though not beautiful, is strikingly characteristic and animated in expression; and her well-developed figure has the ease of movement and the robust grace often to be seen in the peasants of Italy when engaged in their habitual occupations. The picture of two "Venetian Washer-women" (589), by C. Van Haanen, is remarkable not less for its spirited design and truth of local character than for its admirable workmanship and rich harmony of colour. Mr. J. R. Reid's picture of an old soldier of the last century recounting his exploits to a clergyman's family in an orchard, "Peace and War" (446), is distinguished by skilful characterisation, breadth of handling, and brilliant colour, but the subject might have been quite as effectively treated on more moderate scale. In his picture of "Beethoven" (502), seated in the act of composition, M. Carl Schloesser has successfully dealt with a complicated effect of light; the workmanship is sound and solid, and the general tone of the work luminous; it is chiefly remarkable, however, for the animated and at the same time thoughtful expression of the massive head. Mr. W. Dendy Sadler sends an amusing scene of monastic mediæval life called, "It's always the largest fish that's lost" (596). The foreground group, consisting of a monk just returned from fishing and a cat plundering his basket, is not very important, but the varied characters of the brethren who listen to his adventures are very adroitly rendered.

In his large picture of "St. Jerome" (903) contemplating a skull, M. Alphonse Legros seems to have been inspired by the austere religious painters of the Spanish school. Not many examples of modern Art are to be seen so simple and severe in style, so learned in design, or so masterly in handling. Close by this is a picture bearing evidence of a vast amount of archaeological research by Mr. F. A. Bridgeman, "The Funeral Rites of a Mummy on the Nile" (906). It abounds in well-studied detail painted with elaborate care in the manner of M. Gérôme, of whom Mr. Bridgeman was a pupil. It is, however, more agreeable in colour than the works of that eminent painter. By Mr. Wilfrid V. Herbert there is a Holbeinesque head of his father, "J. R. Herbert, Esq., R.A.," highly finished and full of individuality; and by Mr. J. Collier, a full-length of Mr. Edwin Booth as Richelieu (923), broadly painted, but somewhat theatrical in gesture. A picture of the lower deck of the *Victory*, with characteristic figures by Mr. C. W. Nicholls, "Relics of Trafalgar" (938), though showing in many ways inadequate technical accomplishment, is striking for its brilliant illumination and the realistic force with which it is painted.

There is a great deal of humour in Mr. J. D. Watson's small picture of an inexperienced horseman taking a riding lesson, "An Unpromising Pupil" (1,383), and it is remarkable besides for luminous quality of tone, and the artistic and effective way in which

masses of colour are arranged. Mr. H. G. Glindoni's large composition "Prince Henry before Judge Gascoigne" (1,353), displays vivacity of design, skilful grouping, and considerable command of expression, but the drawing is in parts inaccurate, and the execution flimsy and unsubstantial. In Mr. Blair Leighton's romantic picture, "Un Gage d'Amour" (1,365), a lady, endowed with somewhat abnormal length of limb, is seen tying her scarf round the helmet of a knight. There are some excellent passages in the work, and it is painted throughout with elaborate completeness, but it is rather monotonous in colour, and it presents the curious anomaly that the knight on horseback outside the window receives less light than the lady seated inside. The companion picture, "Sir Galahad" (1,371), by Mr. Herbert Schmalz, is distinguished by good draughtsmanship and finished workmanship. There is a great deal of beauty and grace in the figure of the lady who kneels to fasten his belt. Mr. R. W. Macbeth's true perception of rustic character and feeling for natural beauty are well exemplified in a large picture "The Ferry" (1,407). A little more strength and solidity of modelling would improve it, but the female figures are gracefully designed, and the general effect of colour is harmonious.

In the department of sculpture, works of an imaginative kind are not more numerous than usual, but there are a few by some of our younger artists that justify the hope that England will eventually possess a school of sculpture equal to that of any Continental country. Mr. G. Symonds sends nothing so important as the "Dionysos" of last year, but his bust of "Medusa" is, in its way, a work of rare power. Mr. T. S. Lee's colossal figure of "Cain" (1,488) is distinguished by grandeur and simplicity of design and scientific modelling of form. Mr. Ilamo Thornycroft's life-sized "Teucer" (1,495), watching the flight of the arrow he has just discharged, is a work of striking ability. The action is energetic and expressive, and it nearly approaches abstract perfection of form in its highest condition of physical development. There is beauty of an elevated kind in Mr. G. A. Lawson's "Cleopatra" (1,478), who leans back with the asp on her breast. The attitude is well chosen, and the treatment of the thin drapery which defines the sumptuous contours of the figure thoroughly artistic. Of Mr. T. Brock's grand equestrian troupe in bronze, "A Moment of Peril" (1,480), which has been purchased by the Academy, nothing need now be said, as a plaster model of it was exhibited last year.

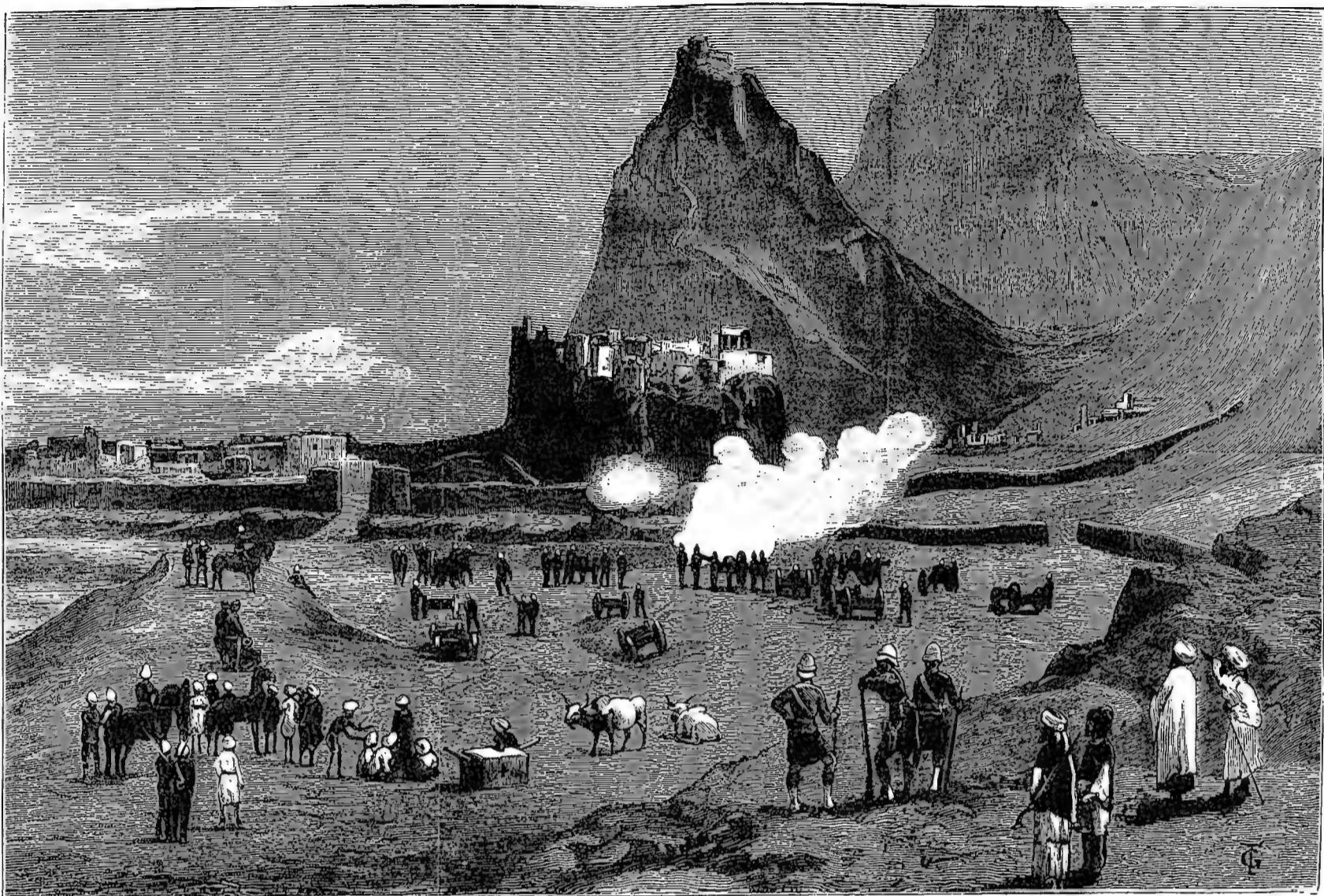
Of the works by sculptors of long-established reputation, the first we meet with is a very low relief in marble by Mr. H. H. Armstead, "The Ever-Reigning Queen" (1,448). In plastic works expressly designed to be combined with architecture, Mr. Armstead is, at the present time, entirely without a rival, but he has here chosen a subject quite outside his range. There is something, not easily to be defined, that shows it to be the work of an accomplished artist, but the figure of Venus, who, surrounded by Cupids, is rising from the sea, is not very graceful in movement, and her head certainly cannot be accepted as a type of ideal loveliness. By Mr. W. Calder Marshall there is a well-composed bronze group, "Sabrina Thrown into the Severn" (1,496), and a marble figure, "The Prodigal Son" (1,498), which suffers by the weak and sentimental expression of the head. The most important example of portrait-sculpture is the statue, larger than life, of "Sir Digbijaisingh Bahadur" (1,500), by Mr. C. B. Birch. The attitude of the figure is simple and dignified, and it is modelled in a broad and massive style. The elaborately ornamented costume is very artistically treated. Mr. J. E. Boehm has an excellent marble bust of the "The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone" (1,497), and a characteristic head, modelled with extraordinary skill, in terra-cotta, of "Thomas Carlyle" (1,481). The busts of the venerable "Marchioness of Westminster" and "Sir Frederick Leighton," by Mr. T. Brock; of "Hermann Vezin, Esq.," by Mr. A. Bruce Joy, and of "Sir John Brown," by Mr. E. Onslow Ford, are among the best of the remaining works.



THE TURF.—The concluding day at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting showed, perhaps, better sport than its predecessors, lassish fields contesting several of the events. Agneta, with Archer up, and odds on her, took the Selling Stakes from seven competitors, though at one time Mr. Ten Broeck's North Star looked like winning. Sutler continues in a winning humour, and Valour failed to give him 1 st. 7 lbs. in the Ditch Mile Plate, having to put up with second place, much to the disappointment of the followers of Archer. They tried to get their money back in the next race, the Flying Handicap, which brought out ten runners, by backing Donato at 4 to 1, who was thus made favourite; but again they were disappointed, and the evergreen Saltier, who seems to have come back to his best form, won by half a length from Tafna, Donato being third. In the All-Aged Plate Lord Sidmouth, ridden by the jockey, T. Cannon, his owner, followed up his success of the previous day, and did a turn to the generality of long-suffering backers who took 5 to 2 about him.—Many of the present week's meetings may be passed over without notice, their chief interest being in the Derby wagering which takes place at them. The victory, however, of Madame Du Barry with 9st. on her back in the Great Northern Handicap, at York, should be recorded as an instance of what good animals can accomplish under heavy imposts. Blackthorn, only a year younger than the winner, carried but 6st. 9lbs., but was beaten in a canter by a length.—Wednesday next is the Derby Day, and it promises to be a rather tame anniversary. Each year less and less interest seems to be taken in the race, and on this occasion probably not many more than a dozen starters will contest it. The winter favourites have almost all disappeared from the front rank in the betting, some having broken down more or less, and others having run wretchedly since the opening of the season. Peregrine, owing to the very easy win in the Two Thousand, is a hot favourite at the time of writing at 7 to 4, and in the opinion of many he will be backed at evens against the field before the start. It seems almost impossible that anything behind him in the Guineas will turn the tables on him, and the chances of any of the dark or other horses do not seem rosy. The Americans will probably start their whole fleet of four, and if, perchance, one of them is really superior to Iroquois there is a prospect of a victory for the Stars and Stripes. The general conclusion is that the race is a certainty for Peregrine, but if he wins he will be the first Two Thousand hero who has secured the "Blue Ribbon" since Pretender, in 1869.

CRICKET.—With improved weather cricketers have had a better time of it lately, and big matches, inter-county and otherwise, are coming on. Lancashire has antagonised the M.C.C. at Lord's, and, after a close game, beaten it by two wickets. Mr. A. P. Lucas's 43 (not out) for the M.C.C. in the second innings was a meritorious performance, the batsman having been at the wicket for two hours and a half.—Middlesex and Surrey played out their innings pretty evenly at Lord's on Monday, making respectively 192 and 157, but in the second innings the batting of Surrey collapsed, and Middlesex won by ten wickets.—At Cambridge Yorkshire has beaten the University, though the latter have evidently a strong Eleven, in which the brothers Studd are first-rate bats, and before long may challenge a comparison with the "Three Graces." The latter, unfortunately this season one short of the original trio, seem getting their hands in with some county play, as we find E. M. playing on the side of Knole Park against Clifton College, and E. M. and

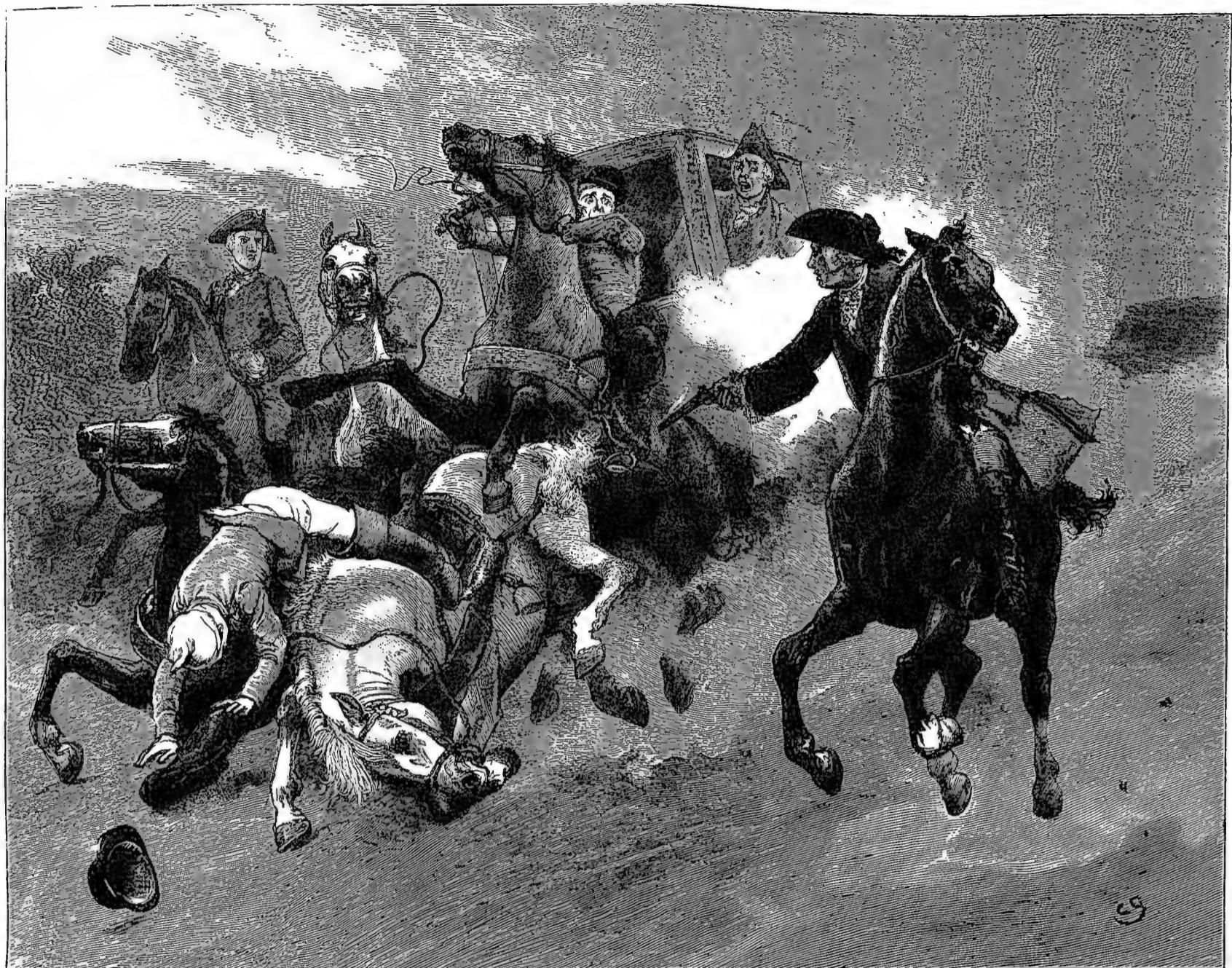
(Continued on page 534)



AFGHANISTAN—A PARTING SHOT AT CANDAHAR



THE CHINESE ADMIRAL TING JOO-CHANG VISITING HASLAR HOSPITAL



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

The poor creature bounded forward, and fell dead.

## THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXI. THE ABDUCTION

ON Thursday afternoon we repaired to the Terrace as usual, I rather sad at thinking that my reign as Queen of the Wells would soon be over, and wondering whether the future could have any days in store for me so happy as those which a kind Providence had already bestowed upon me. There was to be a dance at six, and a tea at five. About four of the clock, Nancy and I, accompanied only by Mr. Stallabras, sauntered away from the Terrace and took the road leading to the Downs. Nancy afterwards told me that she had noticed a carriage with four horses waiting under the trees between the Terrace and the King's Head, which, on our leaving the crowd, slowly followed us along the road; but she thought nothing of this at the time.

Mr. Stallabras, with gallant and consequential air, ambled beside us, his hat under his arm, his snuff-box in his left hand, and his cane dangling from his right wrist. He was, as usual, occupied with his own poetry, which, indeed, through the interest of the brewer's widow (whom he subsequently married), seemed about to become the fashion. I thought, then, that it was splendid poetry, but I fear, now, that it must have been what Dr. Johnson once called a certain man's writing—"terrible skimble-skamble stuff;" in other words, poor Solomon Stallabras had the power of imitation, and would run you off rhymes as glibly as monkeys can peel cocoa-nuts (according to the reports of travellers), quite in the style of Pope. Yet the curious might look in vain for any thought above the common, or any image which had not been used again and again. Such poets, though they hand down the lamp, do not, I suppose, greatly increase the poetic reputation of their country.

"It seems a pity, Mr. Stallabras," I was saying, "that you, who are so fond of singing about the purling stream and the turtles cooing in the grove, do not know more about the familiar objects of the country. Here is this little flower"—only a humble crane's bill, yet a beautiful flower—"you do not, I engage, know its name?"

He did not.

"Observe, again, the spreading leaves of yonder great tree. You do not, I suppose, know its name?"

He did not. A common beech it was, yet as stately as any of those which may be seen near Farnham Royal, or in Windsor Forest.

"And listen! there is a bird whose note, I dare swear, you do not know?"

He did not. Would you believe that it was actually the voice of the very turtle-dove of which he was so fond?

"The Poet," he explained, not at all abashed by the display of so much ignorance—"The Poet should not fetter his mind with the little details of Nature: he dwells in his thoughts remote from their consideration: a flower is to him a flower, which is associated with the grove and the purling stream: a shepherd gathers a posy of flowers for his nymph: a tree is a tree which stands beside the stream to shelter the swain and his goddess: the song of one bird is as good as the song of another, provided it melodiously echoes the signs of the shepherd. As for—"

Here we were interrupted. The post-chaise drove rapidly up the road and overtook us. As we turned to look, it stopped, and two men jumped out of it, armed with cudgels. Nancy seized my arm: "Kitty! Will is in the carriage!" I will do Solomon Stallabras justice. He showed himself, though small of stature and puny of limb, as courageous as a lion. He was armed with nothing but his cane, but with this he flew upon the ruffians who rushed to seize me, and beat, struck, clung, and kicked in my defence. Nancy threw herself upon me and shrieked, crying, that if they carried me away, they should drag her too. While we struggled, I saw the evil face of Will looking out of the carriage: it was distorted by every evil passion: he cried to the men to murder Solomon: he threatened his sister to kill her unless she let go: he called to me that it would be worse for me unless I came quiet. Then he sprang from the carriage himself, having originally purposed, I suppose, to take no part in the fray, and with his cudgel dealt Solomon such a blow upon his head that he fell senseless in the road. After this he seized Nancy, his own sister, dragged her from me, swore at the men for being cowardly lubbers, and, while they threw me into the carriage, he hurled his sister shrieking and crying on the prostrate form of the poor poet, and sprang into the carriage after me.

"Run!" he cried to the two men; "off with you both, different ways. If you get caught, it will be the worse for you."

We were half way up the hill which leads from the town to the Downs; in fact, we were not very far above the Doctor's house, but there was a wind in the road, so that had his men been looking out of his doors they could not have seen what was being done, though they might have heard almost on the Terrace the cries, the dreadful imprecations, and the shrieks of Nancy and myself.

They had thrown me upon the seat with such violence that I was breathless for a few moments, as well as sick and giddy with the dreadful scene—it lasted but half a minute—which I had witnessed. Yet as Will leaped in after me and gave the word to drive on, I saw

lying in the dust of the road the prostrate and insensible form of poor Solomon and my faithful, tender Nancy, who had so fought and wrestled with the villains, not with any hope that she could beat them off, but in order to gain time, lying half over the body of the Poet, half on the open road. Alas! the road at this time was generally deserted; there was no one to rescue, though beyond the tall elms upon our right lay the gardens and park of Durdans, where my lord was walking at that moment, perhaps, meditating upon his wretched Kitty.

As for my companion, his face resembled that of some angry devil, moved by every evil passion at once. If I were asked to depict the worst face I ever saw, I should try to draw the visage of this poor boy. He could not speak for passion. He was in such a rage that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. He could not even swear. He could only sputter. For a while he sat beside me, ejaculating at intervals disjointed words, while his angry eyes glared about the coach, and his red cheeks flamed with wrath.

The Downs were quite deserted: not even a shepherd was in sight. We drove along a road which I knew well, a mere track across the grass: the smooth turf was easy for the horses, and we were travelling at such a pace that it seemed impossible for any one to overtake us.

My heart sank, yet I made myself keep up courage. With this wild beast at my side it shamed me to show no sign of terror.

Every woman has got two weapons, one provided by Nature, the other by Art. This last is the one which King Solomon had ever in his mind when he wrote the Book of Proverbs (which should be the guide and companion of every young man). Certainly he had so many wives that he had more opportunities than fall to the lot of most husbands (who have only the experience of one) of knowing the power of a woman's tongue. He says he would rather dwell in the wilderness than with an angry woman: in the corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman. (Yet the last chapter of the book is the praise of the wise woman.) Next I had a pair of scissors, so that if my fine gentleman attempted the least liberty, I could, and would, give him such a stab with the sharp points as would admonish him to good purpose. But mostly I relied upon my tongue, knowing of old that with this weapon Will was easily discomfited.

Presently, the cool air of the Downs blowing upon his cheeks, Will became somewhat soothed, and his ejaculations became less like angry words used as interjections. I sat silent, taking no notice of what he said, and answering nothing to any of his wild

speeches. But be sure that I kept one eye upon the window, ready to shriek if any passer-by appeared.

The angry interjections settled down into sentences, and Will at last became able to put some of his thoughts into words.

He began a strange, wild, rambling speech, during which I felt somewhat sorry for him. It was such a speech as an Indian savage might have made when roused to wrath by the loss of his squaw.

He bade me remember that he had known me from infancy, that he had always been brought up with me. I had then a first duty to perform in the shape of gratitude to him (for being a child with him in the same village). Next he informed me that having made up his mind to marry me, nothing should stop him, because nothing ever did stop him in anything he proposed to do, and if any one tried to stop him he always knocked down that man first, and when he had left him for dead, he then went and did the thing. This, he said, was well known. Very well, then. Did I dare, then, he asked, knowing as I did full well this character of his for resolution, to fly in the face of that knowledge and throw him over? What made the matter, he argued, a case of the blackest ingratitude, was that I had thrown him over for a lord : a poor, chicken-hearted, painted lord, whom he, for his own part, could knock down at a single blow. He would now, therefore, show me what my new friends were worth. Here I was, boxed up in the carriage with him, safe and sound, not a soul within hail, being driven merrily across country to a place he knew of, where I should find a house, a parson, and a Prayer Book. With these before me I might, if I pleased, yelp and cry for my lord and his precious friend, Sir Miles Lackington. They would be far enough away, with their swords and their mincing ways. When I was married they might come and—what was I laughing at?

I laughed, in fact, because I remembered another weapon. As a last resource I could proclaim to the clergyman that I was already a wife, the wife of Lord Chudleigh. I knew enough of the clergy to be certain that although a man might be here and there found among them capable of marrying a woman against her will, just as men are found among them who, to please their patrons, will drink with them, go cock-fighting with them, and in every other way forget the sacred duties of their calling, yet not one among them all, however bad, would dare to marry again a woman already married. Therefore I laughed.

A London profligate would, perhaps have got a man to personate a clergyman ; but this wickedness, I was sure, would not enter into the head of simple Will Levett. It was as much as he could devise—and that surely a good deal—to bribe some wretched country curate to be waiting for us at our journey's end, to marry us on the spot. When I understood this I laughed again, thinking what a fool Will would look when he was thwarted again.

"Zounds, madam ! I see no cause for laughing."

"I laugh, Will," I said, "because you are such a fool. As for you, unless you order your horses' heads to be turned round, and drive me instantly back to Epsom, you will not laugh, but cry."

To this he made no reply, but whistled. Now to whistle when a person gives you serious advice is in Kent considered a contemptuous reply.

"Ah !" he went on, "sly as you were, I have been too many for you. It was you who set the two bullies, your great lord and your baronet, on me with their swords—made all the people laugh at me. You shall pay for it all. It was you set Nancy crying and scolding upon me enough to give a man a fit ; it was you, I know, set my father on to me. Says if he cannot cut me off with a shilling, he will sell the timber, ruin the estate, and let me starve so long as he lives. Let 'un ! let 'un ! let 'un, I say ! All of you do your worst. Honest Will Levett will do what he likes, and have what he likes. Bull-dog Will ! Holdfast Will ! Tear-em Will ! By the Lord ! there isn't a man in the country can get the better of him. Oh, I know your ways ! Wait till I've married you. Then butter won't melt in your mouth. Then it will be, 'Dear Will ! kind Will ! sweet Will ! best of husbands and of men !—oh ! I know what you are well enough. Why—after all—what is one woman that she should set herself above other women ? Take off your powder and your patches and your hoops, how are you better than Blacksmith's Sue ? Answer me that. And why do I take all this trouble about you, to anger my father and spite my mother, when Blacksmith's Sue would make as good a wife—ay ! a thousand times better—because she can bake and brew, and shoe a horse and mend a cracked crown, and fight a game-cock, and teach a ferret, and train a tarrier or a bull-pup, whereas you—what are you good for, but to sit about and look grand, and come over the fellows with your make-pretence, false, lying, whimsy-flimsy ways, your smilin' looks when a lord is at your heels, and your 'Oh, fie ! Will,' if it's only an old friend ? Why, I say ? Because I've told my friends that I'm going to bring you home my wife, and my honour's at stake. Because I am one as will have his will, spite of 'em all. Because I don't love you, not one bit, since I found you out for what you are, a false, jiltin' jade ; and I value the little finger of Sue more than your whole body, tall as you are, and fine as you think yourself. Oh ! by the Lord—"

I am sorry I cannot give the whole of his speech, which was too coarse and profane to be written down for polite eyes to read. Suffice it to say that it included every form of wicked word or speech known to the rustics of Kent, and that he threatened me, in the course of it, with every kind of cruelty that he could think of, counting as nothing a horsewhipping every day until I became cheerful. Now, to horsewhip your wife every day, in order to make her cheerful, seems like starving your horse in order to make him more spirited ; or to flog an ignorant boy in order to make him learned ; or to kick your dog in order to make him love you. Perhaps he did not mean quite all that he said ; but one cannot tell, because his friends were chiefly in that rank of life where it is considered a right and honourable thing to beat a wife, cuff a son, and kick a daughter, and even the coarsest boor of a village will have obedience from the wretched woman at his beck and call. I think that Will would have laboured his wife with the greatest contentment, and as a pious duty, in order to make her satisfied with her lot, cheerful over her duties, and merry at heart at the contemplation of so good a husband. "A wife, a dog, and a walnut-tree, the harder you flog them, the better they be." There are plenty of Solomon's Proverbs in favour of flogging a child, but none, that I know of, which recommend the flogging of a wife.

Blacksmith Sam, Will said, in his own village, the father of the incomparable Sue, used this method to tame his wife, with satisfactory results, and Pharaoh, his own keeper, was at that very time engaged upon a similar course of discipline with his partner. What, he explained, is good for such as those women is good for all. "Beat 'em and thrash 'em till they follow to heel like a well-bred retriever. Keep the stick over 'em till such times as they become as meek as an old cow, and as obedient as a sheep-dog."

While he was still pouring forth these maxims for my information and encouragement my heart began to beat violently, because I heard (distantly at first) the hoofs of horses behind us. Will went on, hearing and suspecting nothing, growing louder and louder in his denunciation of women, and the proper treatment of them.

The hoofs drew nearer. Presently they came alongside. I looked out. One on each side of our carriage, there rode Lord Chudleigh and Sir Miles Lackington.

But I laughed no longer, for I saw before me the advent of some terrible thing, and a dreadful trembling seized me. My lord's face was stern, and Sir Miles, for the first time in my recollection, was grave and serious, as one who hath a hard duty to perform. So mad was poor hardstrong Will that he neither heard them nor, for a while, saw them, but continued his swearing and raving.

They called aloud to the postillions to stop the horses. This it was that roused Will, and he sprang to his feet with a yell of rage, and thrusting his head out of the window, bawled to the boys to drive faster, faster ! They whipped and spurred their horses. My lord said nothing, but rode on, keeping up with the carriage.

"Stop !" cried Sir Miles.

"Go on !" cried Will.

Sir Miles drew a pistol and deliberately cocked it.

"If you will not stop," he cried, holding his pistol to the post-boy's head, "I will fire !"

"Go on !" cried Will. "Go on ; he dared not fire."

The fellow—I knew him for a stable-boy whose life at the Hall had been one long series of kicks, cuffs, abuse, and horse-whippings at the hands of his young master—ducked his head between his shoulders, and put up his elbows, as if that which had so often protected him when Will was enforcing discipline by the help of Father Stick, would avail him against a pistol-shot. But he obeyed his master, mostly from force of habit, and spurred his horse.

Sir Miles changed the direction of the pistol, and leaning forward, discharged the contents into the head of the horse which the boy was riding. The poor creature bounded forward, and fell dead.

There was a moment of confusion ; the flying horses stumbled and fell, the boys were thrown from their saddles ; the carriage was stopped suddenly.

Then, what followed happened all in a moment. Yet it is a moment which to me is longer than any day in my life, because the terror of it has never left me, and because in dreams it comes back to me. Ah ! what a prophetess was Nancy when she said that some dreadful thing would happen before all was over, unless Will went away !

Sir Miles and my lord sprang to their feet. Will, with a terrible oath, leaped forth from the carriage. For a moment he stood glaring from one to the other like a wild beast brought to bay. He was a wild beast. Then he raised his great cudgel and rushed at my lord.

"You !" he cried ; "you are the cause of it. I will beat out your brains !"

Lord Chudleigh leaped lightly aside, and avoided the blow which would have killed him had it struck his head. Then I saw the bright blade in his hand glisten for a moment in the sunlight, and then Will fell backwards with a cry, and lay senseless on the green turf, while my lord stood above him, drops of red blood trickling down his sword.

"I fear, my lord," said Sir Miles, "that you have killed him. Fortunately, I am witness that it was in self-defence."

"You have killed him ! You have killed my master !" cried the stable-boy, whose left arm, which was broken by his fall from the horse, hung helpless at his side. "You have killed the best master in all the world ! Lord or no lord, you shall hang !"

He rushed with his one hand to seize the slayer of his master, this poor faithful slave, whose affections had only grown firmer with every beating. Sir Miles caught him by the coat-collar and dragged him back.

"Quiet, fool ! Attend to your master. He is not dead—yet."

He looked dead. The rage was gone out of his eyes, which were closed, and the blood had left the cheeks, which were pallid. Poor Will never looked so handsome as when he lay, to all seeming, dead.

Lord Chudleigh looked on his prostrate form with a kind of stern sadness. The taking of life, even in such a cause and in self-defence, is a dreadful thing. Like Lamech (who also might have been defending his own life), he had slain a man to his wounding, and a young man to his hurt.

"Kitty," he said, in a low voice, taking my hand, "this is a grievous day's work. Yet I regret it not, since I have saved your honour !"

"My lord," I replied, "I had the saving of that in my own hands. But you have rescued me from a wild beast, whose end I grieve over because I knew him when he was yet an innocent boy."

"Come," said Sir Miles, "we must take measures. Here, fellows ! come, lift your master."

The two boys, with his help, lifted Will, who, as they moved him, groaned heavily, into the carriage.

"Now," said Sir Miles, "one of you get inside. Lift his head. If—but that is impossible—you come across water, pour a little into his mouth. The other mount, and drive home as quickly as you can."

I bethought me of my friend the mad doctor, and bade them take their master to his house, which was, as I have said, on the road between the town and the Downs, so that he might be carried there quietly, without causing an immediate scandal in the town.

The fellows were now quite obedient and subdued. Sir Miles, who seemed to know what was to be done, made some sort of splint with a piece of poor Will's cudgel, for the broken arm, which he tied up roughly, and bade the boy be careful to get attended to as soon as his master was served. In that class of life, as is well known, wounds, broken bones, and even the most cruel surgical operations, are often endured with patience which would equal the most heroic courage, if it were not due to a stupid insensibility. The most sensitive of men are often the most courageous, because they know what it is they are about to suffer.

However, they did as they were told, and presently drove back, the third horse following with a rope.

Then we were left alone, with the blood upon the grass and the dead horse lying beside us.

Sir Miles took my lord's sword from him, wiped it on the turf, and restored it to him.

"Come," he said, "we must consider what to do."

"There is nothing to do," said Lord Chudleigh, "except to take Miss Pleydell home again."

"Pardon me, my lord," Sir Miles interposed ; "if ever I saw mischief written on any man's face, it was written on the face of that boy. A brave lad, too, and would have driven to the death at his master's command."

"How can he do harm?" I asked. "Why, Sir Miles, you are witness ; you saw Will Levett with his cudgel rush upon his lordship, who but drew in self-defence. I am another witness. I hope the simple words of such as you and I would be believed before the oath of a stable-lad."

"I suppose they would," he replied. "Meantime, there is the fact, known to all the company at the Wells, that both you and I, Lord Chudleigh, had publicly informed this unhappy young man that, under certain circumstances, we would run him through. The circumstances have happened, and we have run him through. This complication may be unfortunate as regards the minds of that pig-headed institution, a coroner's inquest."

"Sir," cried my lord, "do you suppose—would you have me believe—that this affair might be construed into anything but an act of self-defence ?"

"I do indeed," he replied, gravely ; "and so deeply do I feel it, that I would counsel a retreat into some place where we shall not be suspected, for such a time as may be necessary. If the worst happens, and the man dies, your lordship may surrender yourself—but in London—not to a country bench. If the man recovers, well and good : you can go abroad again."

At first my lord would hear nothing of such a plan. Why should he run away ? Was it becoming for a man to fly from the laws of his country ? Then I put in a word, pointing out that it was one thing for a case to be tried before a jury of ignorant, prejudiced men upon an inquest, and another thing altogether for the case to be tried

by a dispassionate and unprejudiced jury. I said, too, that away from this place, the circumstances of the case, the brutal assault upon Solomon Stallabras, whose ribs, it appeared, were broken, as well as his collar-bone, the ferocious treatment of Nancy by her own brother, and my forcible abduction in open daylight, would certainly be considered provocation enough for anything, and a justification (combined with the other circumstances) of the homicide, if unhappily Will should die.

This moved my lord somewhat.

Where, he asked, could he go, so as to lie *perdu* for a few days, or a few weeks, if necessary ?

"I have thought upon that," replied Sir Miles, looking at me with a meaning eye (but I blushed and turned pale, and reddened again). "I have just now thought of a plan. Your lordship has been there once already ; I mean the Rules of the Fleet. Here will I find you lodgings, where no one will look for you ; where, if you please to lie hidden for awhile, you may do so in perfect safety ; where you may have any society you please, from a baronet out at elbows to a baker in rags, or no society at all, if you please to lie quiet."

"I like not the place," said his lordship. "I have been there it is true, once, and it was once too often. Find me another place."

"I know no other," Sir Miles replied. "You must be in London ; you must be in some place where no one will suspect you. As for me, I will stay near you, but not with you. There will be some noise over this affair ; it will be well for us to be separated, yet not so far but that I can work for you. Come, my lord, be reasonable. The place is dirty and noisy ; but what signify dirt and noise when safety is concerned ?"

He wavered. The recollection of the place was odious to him. Yet the case was pressing.

He gave way.

"Have it," he said, "your own way. Kitty," he took my hand, "hopeless as is my case, desperate as is my condition, I am happy in having rescued you, no matter at what cost."

"Your lordship's case is not so hopeless as mine," said Sir Miles ; "yet I, too, am happy in having helped to rescue this, the noblest creature in the world."

The tears were in my eyes as these two men spoke of me in such terms. How could I deserve this worship ? By what act, or thought, or prayer, could I raise myself to the level where my lord's imagination had planted me ? O Love divine, since it makes men and women long to be angels !

"I mean," Sir Miles continued, bluntly, "that since your lordship has found favour in her eyes, your case cannot be hopeless."

Lord Chudleigh raised my hand to his lips, with a sadness in his eyes of which I alone could discern the cause.

"Gentlemen," I cried, "we waste the time in idle compliments. Mount and ride off as quickly as you may. As for me, it is but three miles across the Downs. I have no fear. I shall meet no one. Mount, I say, and ride to London without more ado."

They obeyed ; they left me standing alone. As my eyes turned from following them, they lighted on the pool of blood—Will's blood, which reddened the turf—and upon the poor dead horse. Then I hastened back across the Downs.

It was a clear, bright evening, the sun yet pretty high. The time was about half-past five ; before long the minuets would be beginning in the Assembly Rooms ; yet Lady Levett would know—I hoped that she already knew—the dreadful wickedness of her son. Would not, indeed, all the company know it ? Would not the assault on Mr. Stallabras and on Nancy be noised abroad ?

Indeed, the news had already sped abroad.

Long before I reached the edge of the Downs, I became aware of a crowd of people. They consisted of the whole company, all the visitors at Epsom, who came forth, leaving the public tea and the dance, to meet the girl who had been thus carried away by force.

Harry Temple came forward as soon as I was in sight to meet me. He was very grave.

"Kitty," he said, "this is a bad day's work."

"How is Will ? You have seen Will ?"

"I fear he is already dead. The doctor to whom you sent him declares that he is dying fast. His mother is with him."

"Oh, Harry !" I sighed ; "I gave him no encouragement. There was not the least encouragement to believe that I would marry him."

"No one thinks you did, Kitty ; not even his mother. Yet others have been carried away by admiration of your charms to think—"

"Oh ! my charms, my charms ! Harry, with poor Will at death's door, let us at least be spared the language of compliment."

By this time we had reached the stream of people. Among them, I am happy to say, was not Peggy Baker. She, at least, did not come out to gaze upon her unhappy rival, for whose sake one gallant gentleman lay bleeding to death, and two others were riding away to hide themselves until the first storm should be blown over. The rest parted, right and left, and made a lane through which we passed in silence. As I went through, I heard voices whispering : "Where is Lord Chudleigh ? where is Sir Miles ? How pale she looks !" and so forth ; comments of the crowd which has no heart, no pity, no sympathy. It came out to-day to look upon a woman to whom a great insult had been offered with as little pity as to-morrow it would go to see a criminal flagellated from Newgate to Tyburn, or a woman whipped at Bridewell, or a wretched thief beaten before the Alderman, or a batch of rogues hanged. They came to be amused. Amusement, to most people, is the contemplation of other folks' sufferings. If tortures were to be introduced again, if, as happened, we are told, in the time of Nero, Christians could be wrapped in pitch and then set fire to, thus becoming living candles, I verily believe the crowd would rush to see, and would enjoy the spectacle the more, the longer the sufferings of the poor creatures were prolonged.

Solomon Stallabras, Harry told me, was comfortably put into bed, his ribs being set and his collar-bone properly put in place : there was doubt that he would do well. Nancy, too, was in bed, with the fright she had received, but not otherwise much hurt. Mrs. Esther was wringing her hands, and crying at home with Cicely to look after her. Sir Robert and Lady Levett were at the doctor's. It was, I have said, the same doctor who had undertaken the temporary charge of Harry Temple. As we drew near the house—I observed that most of the people remained behind upon the Downs in hopes of seeing the return of Lord Chudleigh, in which hope they were disappointed—Harry became silent.

"Come, Harry," I said, reading his thoughts, "you must forgive me for saving your life, or from preventing you from killing Lord Chudleigh. Be reasonable, dear Harry."

He smiled.

"I have forgiven you long since," he replied. "You acted like a woman ; that is, you did just what you thought best at the moment. But I cannot, and will not, forgive the man with his impudent smile and his buckets of water."

"Nay, Harry," I said, "he acted according to his profession. Come with me to the house. I cannot even go to Mrs. Esther until I have seen or heard about poor Will."

The doctor was coming from the sick man's chamber when we came to the house. They had placed Will in one of the private rooms, away from the dreadful gallery where the madmen were chained to the wall. With him were Lady Levett and Sir Robert.

The doctor coughed in his most important manner.</

grieve to say, is in a most precarious condition—a most precarious condition."

"Can nothing save him? Oh, doctor!"

"Nothing can save him, young lady," he replied, "but a miracle. That miracle—I call it nothing short—is sometimes granted by beneficent Providence to youth and strength only when I say only when—their possession is aided by the very highest medical skill that the country can produce. I say the very highest; no mere pretender will avail."

"Indeed, doctor, we have that skill, I doubt not, in yourself."

"I say nothing,"—he bowed and spread his hands—"I say nothing. It is not for me to speak."

"And, sir," said Harry, "you are doubtless aware that Sir Robert is a gentleman of a considerable estate, and that—in fact—you may expect—"

"Sir Robert," he replied, with a smile which speedily, in spite of all his efforts, broadened into a grin of satisfaction, "has already promised that no expense shall be spared, no honorarium be considered too large if I give him back his son. Yet we can but do our best. Science is strong, but a pock of cold steel in the inwards is, if you please, stronger still."

"Will you let me see Sir Robert?" I asked.

The doctor stole back to the room, and presently Sir Robert came forth.

He kissed me on the forehead while his tears fell upon my head.

"My dear," he said, "I ask your pardon in the name of my headstrong son. We have held an honoured name for five hundred years and more: in all that time no deed so dastardly has been attempted by any one of our house. Yet the poor wretch hath paid dearly for his wickedness."

"Oh, sir!" I cried, "there is no reason why you should speak of forgiveness, who have ever been so kind to me. Poor Will will repent and be very good when he recovers."

"I think," said his father, sadly, "that he will not recover. Go, child. Ask not to see the boy's mother, because women are unreasonable in their grief, and she might perchance say things of which she would afterwards be ashamed. Go to Mrs. Pimpernel, and tell her of thy safety."

This was, indeed, all that could be done. Yet, after allaying the terrors and soothing the agitated spirits of Mrs. Esther, whose imagination had conjured up, already, the fate of Clarissa, and who saw in headstrong Will another Lovelace, without, to be sure, the graces and attractions of that dreadful monster, I went to inquire after my gallant little Poet.

He was lying on his bed, with orders not to move, and wrapped up like a baby.

I thanked him for his brave defence, which I said would have been certainly efficacious, had it not been for the cowardly blow on the back of his head. I further added, that no man in the world could have behaved more resolutely, or with greater courage.

"This day," he said, "has been the reward for a Poet's devotion. In those bowers, Miss Kitty, when first we met"—the bower was the Fleet Market—"beside that stream"—the Fleet Ditch—"where the woodland choir was held"—the clack of the poultry about to be killed—"and the playful lambs frisked"—on their way to the butchers of Newgate Street,—"I dared to love a goddess who was as much too high for me as ever Beatrice was for her Italian worshipper. I refer not to the disparity of birth, because (though brought up in a hosier's shop) the Muse, you have acknowledged, confers nobility. An attorney is by right of his calling styled a gentleman; but a Poet, by right of his genius, is equal of—ay, even of Lord Chudleigh."

"Surely, dear sir," I replied, "no one can refuse the highest title of distinction to a gentleman of your merit and genius."

"But I think," he went on, "of that disparity which consists in virtue and goodness. That can never be removed. How happy, therefore, ought I to be in feeling that I have helped to preserve an angel from the hands of those barbarous monsters who would have violated such a sanctuary! What are these wounds?—a broken rib—a cracked collar-bone—a bump on the back of the head! I wish they had been broken legs and arms in your service."

I laughed—but this devotion, more than half of it being real, touched my heart. The little Poet, conceited, vain, sometimes foolish, was ennobled, not by his genius, of which he thought so much, but by his great belief in goodness and virtue. Women should be humble when they remember, that if a good man loves them it is not, in very truth, the woman (who is a poor creature full of imperfections) that they love, but the soul—the noble, pure, exalted soul, as high as their own grandest conception of goodness and piety, which they believe to be in her. How can we rise to so great a height? How can we, without abasement, pretend to such virtue? How can we be so wicked and cruel as, after marriage, to betray to our husbands the real littleness of our souls? As my lord believed me to be, so might I (then I prayed) rise to heaven in very truth, and even soar to higher flights.

Now, when I reached home, a happy thought came to me. I knew the name of Solomon's latest patron, the brewer's widow. I sat down and wrote her a letter. I said that I thought it my simple duty to inform her, although I had not the honour of her friendship, that the Poet, whom she had distinguished with her especial favour and patronage, was not in a position to pay her his respects, either by letter or by verse, or in person, being at that time ill in bed with ribs and other bones broken in defence of a lady. And, to this, I added, so that she might not grow jealous, which one must always guard against in dealing with women, that he was walking with two ladies, not one, and that the gallantry he showed in defence of her who was attacked was so great that not even a lover could have displayed more courage for his mistress than he did for this lady (myself), who was promised to another gentleman. Nor was it, I added, until he was laid senseless on the field that the ravishers were able to carry off the lady, who was immediately afterwards rescued by two friends of the Poet, Lord Chudleigh and Sir Miles Lackington.

This crafty letter, which was all true, and yet designedly exaggerated, as when I called my lord Solomon's friend, produced more than the effect which I desired. For the widow, who was in London, came down to Epsom the next day, in a carriage and four, to see the hero. Now, she was still young, and comely as well as rich. Therefore, when she declared to him that no woman could resist such a combination of genius and heroic courage, Solomon could only reply that he would rush into her arms with all a lover's rapture, as soon as his ribs permitted an embrace. In short, within a month they were married at Epsom Church, and Solomon, though he wrote less poetry in after years than his friends desired, lived in great comfort and happiness, having a wife of sweet temper, who thought him the noblest and most richly endowed of men, and a brewery whose vats produced him an income far beyond his wants, though these expanded as time went on.

As for Nancy, she was little hurt, save for the fright and the shame of it. Yet her brother, the cause of all, was lying dangerously wounded, and she could not for very pity speak her mind upon his wickedness.

The company, I learned from Cicely, were greatly moved about it: the public tea had been broken up in confusion, while all sallied forth to the scene of outrage; nor was the assembly resumed when it was discovered that Will Levett had been run through the body by Lord Chudleigh, and was now lying at the point of death.

In the morning Cicely went early to inquire at the doctor's. Alas! Will was in a high fever; Lady Levett had been sitting with him all night; it was not thought that he would live through the day. I put on my hood and went to see Nancy.

"Oh my dear, dear Kitty!" she cried; "sure we shall all go distract. You have heard what they say? Poor Will is in a bad way indeed; the fever is so high that the doctor declares his life to be in hourly danger. He is delirious, and in his dreams he knows not what he says, so that you would fancy him among his dogs or in his stables—where, indeed, it hath been his chief delight to dwell—or with the rustics with whom he would drink. It is terrible, my father says, that one so near his end, who must shortly appear before his Maker, should thus blaspheme and swear such horrid oaths. If we could only ensure him half an hour of sense, even with pain, so that the clergyman might exhore him! Alas! our Will hath led so shocking a life—my dear, I know more of his ways than he thinks—that I doubt his conscience and his heart are hardened. Oh, Kitty! to think that yesterday we were happy, and that this evil thing had not befallen us! And now I can never go abroad again without thinking that the folk are saying: 'There goes the sister of the man who was killed while trying to carry off the beautiful Miss Pleydell.'"

No comfort can be found for one who sits expectant of a brother's death. I bade poor Nancy keep up heart and hope for the best.

The fever increased during the day, we heard, and the delirium. We stirred not out of the house save for morning prayers, sending Cicely from time to time to ask the news. And all the company gathered together on the Terrace, not to talk scandal or tell idle stories of each other, but to whisper that Will Levett was certainly dying, and that it would go hard with Lord Chudleigh, who would, without doubt, be tried for murder, the two grooms protesting stoutly that their master had not struck a blow.

In the evening Sir Robert Levett came to our lodging. He was heavily afflicted with the prospect of losing his only son, albeit not a son of whom a parent could be proud. Yet a child cannot be replaced, and the line of the Levets would be extinguished.

"My dear," he said, "I come to say a thing which has been greatly on my mind. My son was run through by Lord Chudleigh. Tell me, first, what there is between you and my lord? Doth he propose to marry you?"

"Dear sir," I replied, "Lord Chudleigh has offered me his hand."

"And you have taken it?"

"Unworthy as I am, dear sir, I have promised, should certain obstacles be removed, to marry him."

"His sword has caused my Will's death. Yet the act was done in defence of the woman he loved, the woman whom Will designed to ruin—"

"And in self-defence as well. Had he not drawn, Will would have beaten out his brains."

"Tell him, from Will's father, my dear, that I forgive him. Let not such a homicide dwell upon his conscience. Where is he?"

"He has gone away with Sir Miles Lackington to await the finding of an inquest—"

"Tell him that I will not sanction any proceedings, and if there

is to be an inquest my evidence shall be, though it bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, that my lord is innocent, and drew his sword to defend his own life."

He left me—poor man!—to return to the sick bedside.

He had been gone but a short time when a post-boy rode to the door, blowing a horn. It was a special messenger, who had ridden from Temple Bar with a letter from Sir Miles.

"Sweet Kitty," wrote the baronet, "I write this to tell thee that we have taken up quarters in London. I have bestowed my lord in certain lodgings, which you know, above the room where once I lay." Heavens! my lord was in my own old lodging beside the Fleet Market! "He is downhearted, thinking of the life he has taken. I tell him that he should think no more of running through such a madman in defence of his own life than of killing a pig. Pig, and worse than pig was the creature who dared to carry off the lovely Kitty. To think that such a rustic clown should be brother of pretty Nancy! I have sent to my lord's lodging an agreeable dinner and a bottle of good wine, with which I hope my lord will comfort his heart. Meantime, they know not, in the house, the rank and quality of their guest. I suppose the fellow is dead by this time. If there is an inquest I shall attend to give my evidence, and the verdict can be none other than justifiable homicide, or even *felo-de-se*, for if ever man rushed upon his death it was Will Levett. I have also sent him paper and pens with which to write to you, and some books, and a pack of cards. Here is enough to make a lonely man happy. If he wants more he can look out of the window and see the porters and fishwives of the market fight, which was a spectacle daily delighted me for two years and more. The Doctor is well. I have informed him privately of the circumstances of the case, and Lord Chudleigh's arrival. He seemed pleased, but I took the liberty of warning him against betraying to my lord a relationship, the knowledge of which might be prejudicial to your interests."

Prejudicial to my interests!

Sir Miles was in league, with me, to hide this thing from a man who believed, like Solomon Stallabras, that I was all truth and goodness.

I had borne so much from this wicked concealment that I was resolved to bear it no longer. I said to myself, almost in the words of the Prayer Book: "I will arise and go unto my lord. I will say forgive me, for thus and thus have I done, and so am I guilty."

Oh, my noble lord! Oh, great heart and true! what am I, wicked and deceitful woman, that I should hope to keep thy love? Let it go; tell me that you can never love again one who has played this wicked part; let hatred and loathing take the place of love; let all go, and leave me a despairing wretch—so that I have confessed my sin and humbled myself even to the ground before him whom I have so deeply wronged.

(To be continued)



We do not think "Sociology based on Ethnography" (Chapman and Hall) is a fair sample of "The Library of Contemporary Science." The translation is so unsatisfactory that Mr. H. Trollope can scarcely have re-read his pages. "Sortilegious devices," "the modulating effect of cold," "fastuous," "Mongol women riding from tent to tent, straddling as they do so," "the noble faculties shine by their absence" are instances of what offends the reader in almost every page. "Progress is fatal" (for inevitable) reminds us of the old joke of "casting round him a supreme regard;" and "a belated metaphysician" is a poor rendering of *arriveré*. Dr. Letourneau believes that progress has been steady, that "the beast" has been, and is being, gradually worked out, all cases to the contrary being survivals; and, to prove his point, he traces man through his nutritive, sensitive, affective, social, and intellectual life. He has collected an enormous number of facts; his idea is that Sociology is in its infancy, and that centuries of preliminary work must elapse before it can become a science. So far he is right; but with this praiseworthy reserve he combines the utmost rashness of assertion about death being a final end, mythology having grown from dreams, the origin of what Mr.

Trollope renders "religious ideas," &c. That "all man's ideas come to him from experience" is an axiom with Dr. Letourneau; we fail to see how he makes this square with the almost universal belief in a God and a future state. The worst of books like this is that so many read them quite the wrong way. *Memento quia animal es* ought not (says Dr. Letourneau) to make us satisfied with the animal life; reflecting on what has been won we ought to strive to win yet more. Unless we do this, he warns us that terrible social convulsions are in store for us, so many among us being hardly superior to New Caledonians, and the division of labour having such a disastrous effect on the general development of intelligence. Unhappily, too many are strengthened in their debasement by finding facts that make for the purely animal origin of man. They say: "I'm a beast, therefore I'll act like one," instead of saying, "I'm a vastly-improved beast, and therefore am bound to yet further improvement."

The new system was sure to create a demand for works like Captain Douglas Jones's "Notes on Military Law" (Chapman and Hall), which, besides a careful description of the various kinds of courts-martial and the mode of procedure and the scale of punishments, contains a very interesting historical summary of Military Law and an important chapter on Martial in its relation to Civil Law. The two came into collision in Ireland in 1798, when the King's Bench granted a writ to take into custody a rebel sentenced to death by court-martial. Unfortunately the man was too ill to be removed, and died without the case having been decided. Captain Jones's short treatise gives the student all he needs for examination, while it enables the general reader to compare the case of Governor Wall, executed twenty years afterwards for flogging to death a mutinous sergeant on the West Coast of Africa, with that of Governor Eyre in Jamaica; and also to admire the shrewdness of Charles II's Parliament in refusing to legislate for the army lest the nation should have to pay for it instead of the king. Here is an instance of the glorious uncertainty of legal English: "A Governor may put down a rebellion with or without proclamation, but the latter is advisable for the sake of warning the well-disposed."

Mr. Newton Crosland has a good opinion of himself. He sets Sir Isaac Newton right about gravity and centrifugal force, replacing them by electrical attraction and repulsion; he corrects Mr. Youatt about drawing a horse in motion; and he improves on Scott and Longfellow in his version of "The Ghost's Warning." What Scotchmen will say of his estimate of Burns we are afraid to think. He is a spiritualist, with a firm belief in ghosts and guardian angels, and a thorough disbelief in our system of landed proprietorship. We do not think his spiritualist chapters will convince sceptics, though he explains bad spelling, and cries down psychic force, and assures us that if we would accept spiritualism we Protestants might rival the Knock miracles, if not those at Lourdes. Some of his ghost stories are well told; and Great Cotwyn and Foodlethorpe are not badly sketched. But on the whole the book is as much a mistake as its title, "Pith" (Triibner). The material pith is much more useful than anything Mr. Crosland gives us. Book and substance are both of the lightest; there the resemblance ends.

They must be rather behind the world "In the Derbyshire Highlands" (Buxton: Bates; London and Derby: Bemrose); else Mr. Bradbury would not call himself Strephon, and his old companion "The Young Man," or, briefly, the "Y. M." nor, in describing Chatsworth library would he talk of the "Peake country," nor of "dear Will Shakespeare." His dispraise of Sheffield, again, is quite deserved; but he does not add point to it by inventing names like Buggins the builder, and Mr. Polypheus Bessemer Pig, and Mr. Vulcan Calclus. He had better have stuck to Horace Walpole's "foulest town in the fairest county I have seen." But, style apart, he gives us a good deal of useful information. Despite tourists by the hundred and trippers by the thousand, a good deal of Derbyshire will, we hope, always remain "undiscovered." Kinderscout, Ashop Water, Snake Inn, Derwent Hall, Edale, used to deserve this epithet; and from Mr. Bradbury we find that it is happily still applicable to them. Many a weather-bound sojourner at Buxton will be grateful for this little book; and will be stirred to wholesome antagonism by the extraordinary assertion that Mary Chaworth was to Byron what Beatrice was to Dante.

"The Other Half of the World" (Strahan) is made up of two parts—"What It Is," stories of real life in a "Black Country" town, and "What Can We Do for It"—details of mothers' meetings, of work amongst girls and lads, "chronicles of failure as well as of success." We do hope that this reprint from the *Day of Rest* will be widely read. The stories bear the stamp of truth, and the record of work is suggestive as well as deeply interesting. In regard to girls, Mrs. E. Liddell's experience is that of most others. She finds them, as a rule, "uninteresting and unimpassionable," because they lack earnestness; but she generally manages to give life to her work by acting on the golden rule of first thinking people better than they are and then finding them better than she thought. Her book is worth a cart-load of sentimental goody tales.

As Dr. Bullock says in the preface to "Wild Africa" (London: Simpkin, Marshall, Manchester: Heywood) "the literature of African travel has recently grown into large dimensions." His excuse for adding a small thin volume thereto is his eagerness to set forward the work of African civilisation. He has "skinned a little of the cream of the literature," heaping together horror and savagery, in order to stir his readers to active pity. Whether or not he succeeds in starting some enthusiasts to the rescue, he has compiled an account of negro life full of interest for the many hundreds who will never get hold of Livingstone and Stanley and other big books. Sometimes he foolishly aims at humour; there is no fun in saying that in Niam-niam the women part their hair straight down the middle "like some European dandies, and some clowns at a circus." His enthusiasm does not blind him to facts; he sees the shortcomings of "the fancy Governments on the West Coast;" and is well aware that Liberia was originated not by philanthropists but by speculators, "who, getting over-weighted with human property, desired to throw off some of the burden."

We have received a copy of "The First of May," "a fairy masque," illustrated in fifty-two designs by Mr. Walter Crane (Henry Sotheran and Co.). The work is very elaborate, and cannot fail to impress those who see it with a deep sense of the untiring application of the artist. To us the wonder is that he did not grow weary of his labours—perhaps he did. There is much fancy, humour, and grace in the drawings—as, indeed, there could scarcely fail to be in anything from Mr. Crane's pencil—but we cannot say that any of them are very fresh either in treatment or composition; a more or less marked conventionalism is in them all. Nevertheless, the work, which is issued in portfolio form, will make a very handsome and agreeable present. The edition is limited to five hundred copies.

A VALUABLE WOOD, "MOUNTAIN MAHOGANY," grows in Virginia, U.S. It is of a rich red hue, and very hard; while, when used for fuel, it produces such intense heat as to burn out stoves more rapidly than any coal. After blazing as long as a log of ordinary wood, this mahogany becomes converted into charcoal lasting twice the time.

CHINESE INTERLOPERS are summarily dealt with in some of the rising mining settlements of Colorado. Wang Loo lately set up a laundry in the new town of Gothic, the *American* tells us, and immediately received warning to quit. As he took no notice he was "called upon by a committee and hanged." It is further stated that "there was no excitement over the affair."



GOING TO THE MEET



THE PARSEE LEADS THE FIELD

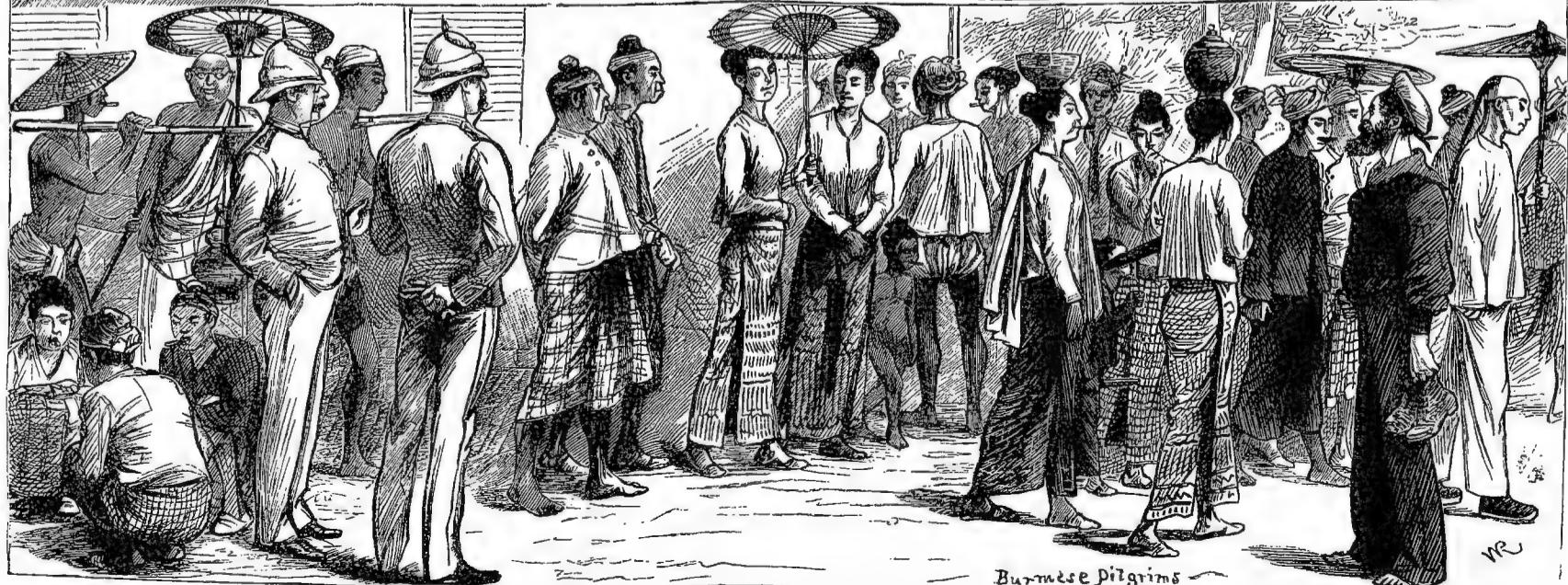


HE COMES TO GRIEF

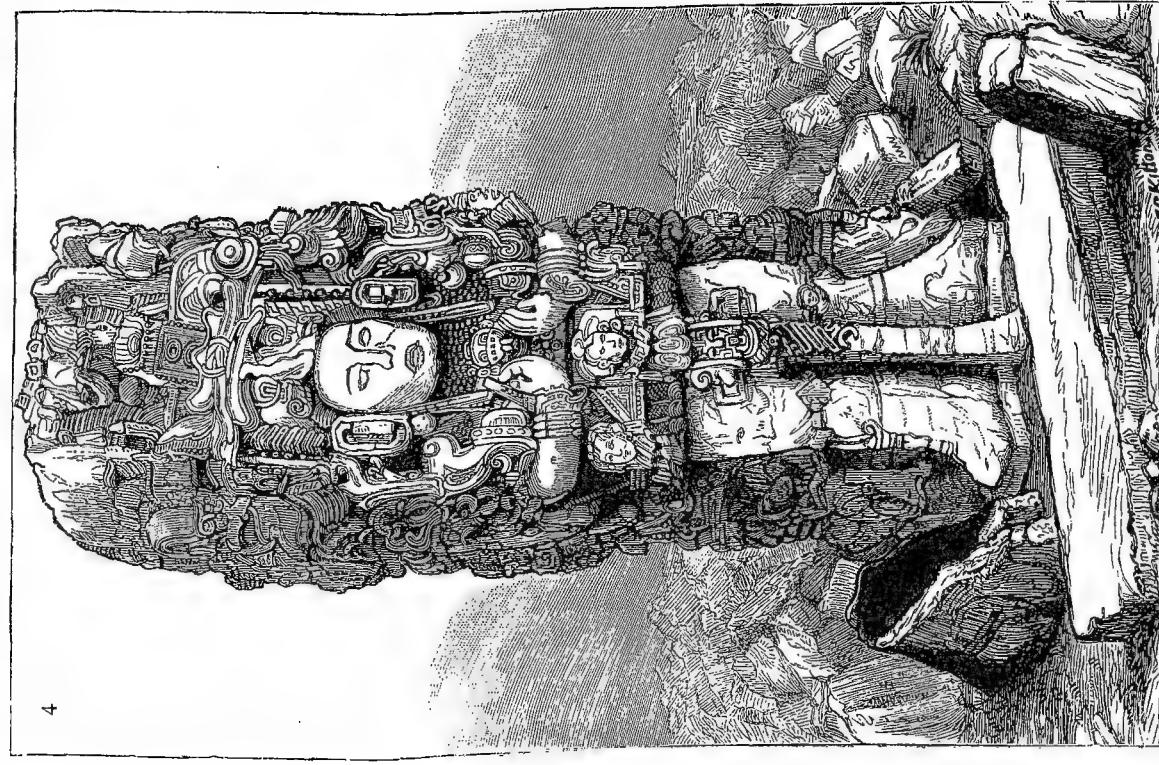
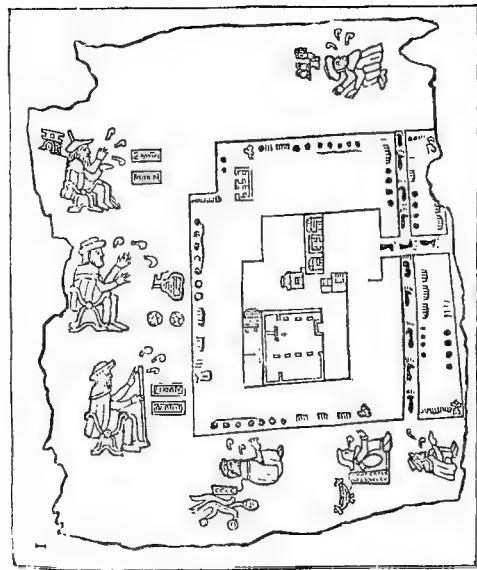
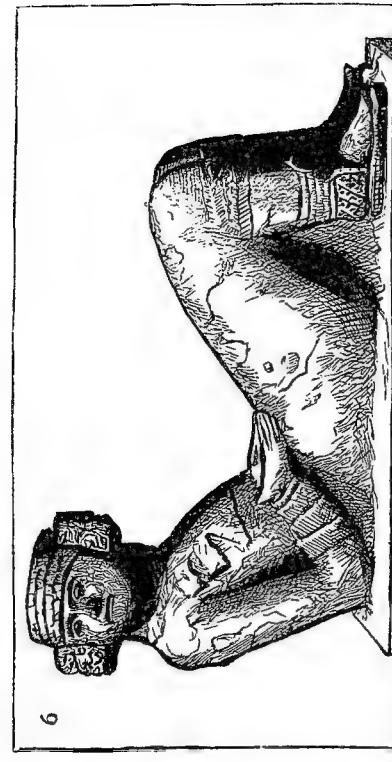
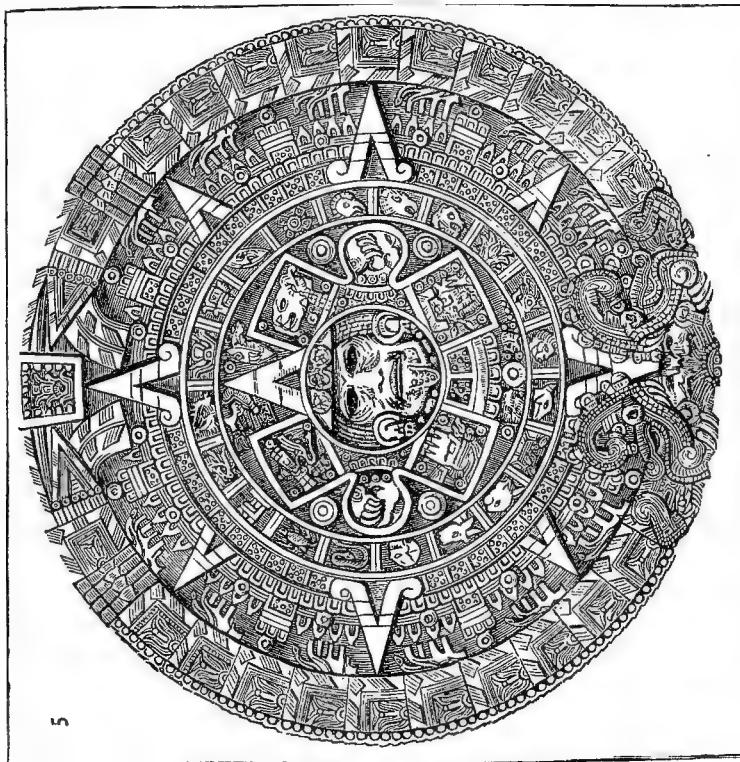
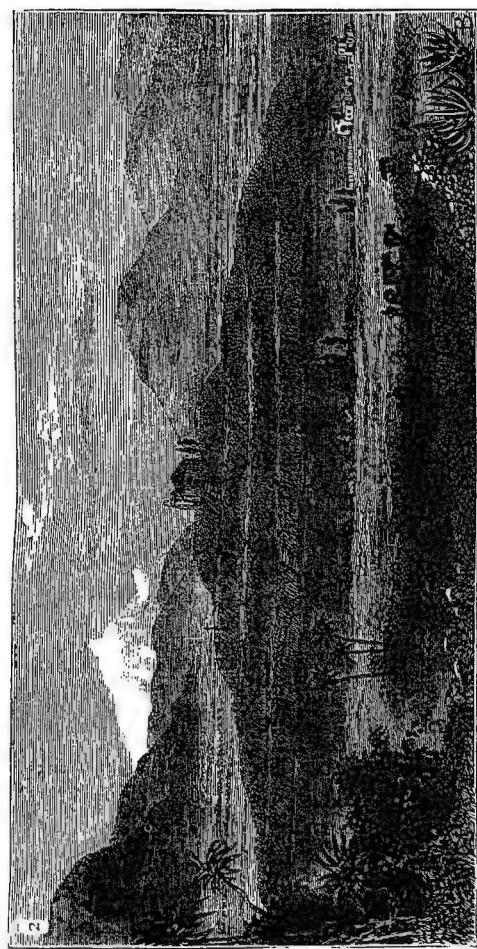
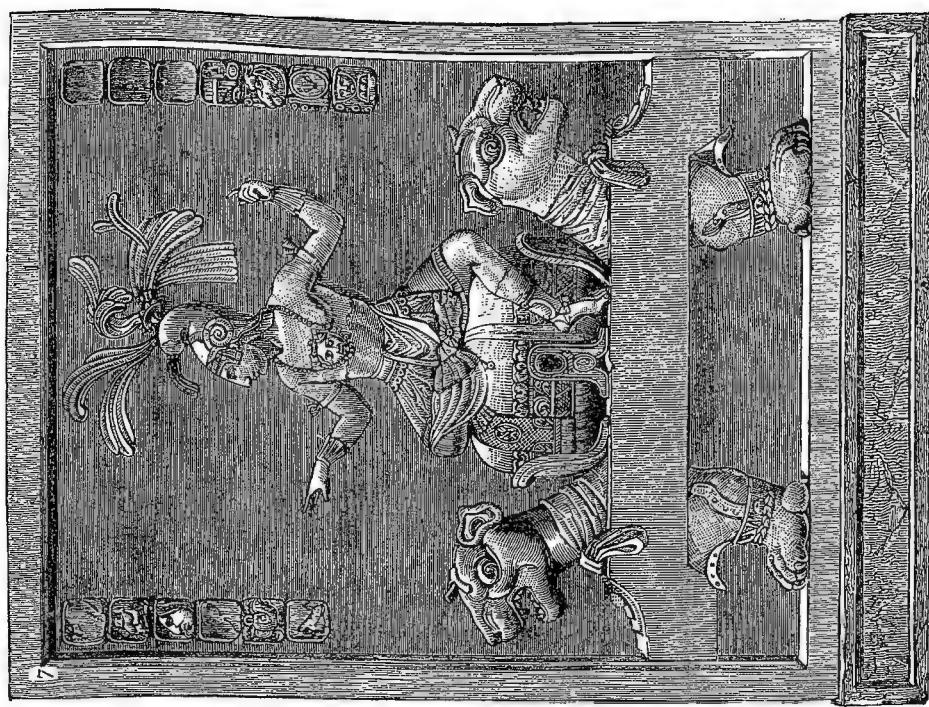


BUT IS IN AT THE DEATH

THE SPORTING PARSEE AT A HOG HUNT



LIFE AND CHARACTER IN BRITISH BURMAH



I. Aztec Mural Painting : A Law Suit.—2. Pyramid of Cholula, near Mexico.—3. Mural Painting in the Funeral Chamber of the Chaac-Mol Monument at Chichen Itza.—4. Stone Column found at Copan, Honduras.—5. Mexican Calendar Stone.—6. Statue of Chaac-Mol, Excavated at Chichen-Itza, Yucatan, 1875.—7. Specimen of Stucco Relief-Work found at Palenque, Chiapas.

## THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT

THE result of the ten years' labours of the New Testament Revisers is at last before us, and the eagerly-expected Volume is submitted to the judgment of English-speaking people throughout the world. It is hardly too much to say that no work of its kind has ever been anticipated with more interest, and it may be almost added with a greater feeling of nervousness akin to dread. On the one hand a considerable section of the educated public has long regarded as a pressing necessity the adoption of a more perfect English version of the Scriptures than that which has been in use for so many generations, and acknowledged by all capable of forming an opinion to be more or less faulty; while on the other the great numerical majority of religious people among us has emphatically declared its unwillingness to endorse what it seems to look upon as an unnecessary tampering with the Authorised Version, fearing doubtless that any revision would tend to weaken the authority of the Word itself. These fears, however, can hardly be held as a sufficiently logical reason for hesitating to render even more perfect that which is admittedly good in itself, but at the same time marred more or less by actual errors in translation, and by a diction, in many instances, now more or less obsolete. Despite, therefore, a strong element of sentiment in favour of the retention of the Old Version, the undoubted fact that its rhythm, and we might almost say lingual music, have entwined themselves round the hearts and stamped themselves on the lips of English people from the days of infancy, and that long and reverential use had consecrated its familiar words, the work assigned to the Committee of Revisers was one which in these days could not be repudiated.

It is evident that the Company began their labours fully impressed with, and perhaps slightly oppressed by, the knowledge that their task was to a great extent an unpopular one, and that when it was completed its result would be accepted with a certain amount of coldness and suspicion. Even the Joint Committee of the Convocation of Canterbury in its Report of March 24th, 1870, while urging that it was "desirable that a revision of the Authorised Version of the Holy Scriptures be undertaken," recognised as it were the existence of a strong popular feeling in the matter of Biblical revision by further resolving that it did "not contemplate any new translation of the Bible, or any alteration of the language, except when, in the judgment of the most competent scholars, such change is necessary." The New Testament Company, composed of gentlemen of the highest Biblical and general scholarship, to whom no exception could be taken, and in whom all confidence could fairly be placed, consisted for the greater portion of the term of its labours of twenty-four members, and held its first meeting on June 22nd, 1870; and at once showed that it recognised popular feeling and its own position by laying down certain principles for its own guidance in accordance with the instructions of the Joint Committee of the Convocation of Canterbury. It is clear also from their own words that the Revisers thoroughly appreciated the "time-honoured Version" which it was their work to amend, and to bring, as regards its diction, into nearer accordance with modern phraseology. "The longer," they say, "we have been engaged upon it, the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, the music of its cadences, and the felicities of its rhythm." And that they appreciated the difficulty of the work before them is also evident, for they add: "To render a work that has reached this high standard of excellence still more excellent, to increase its fidelity without destroying its charm, was the task committed to us."

Both those who were in favour of an attempt at revising the Authorised Version, and those who were not, would certainly agree that, when an attempt was decided on, the principles laid down by the Revisers were admirable. The great question now to be discussed is whether the Revisers have acted on these principles, and produced an amended translation of the New Testament in fair accordance with them. We humbly venture to express an opinion that they have, and that the Revised Version on the whole is a successful work, far in advance of many previous essays of eminent scholars in this line, though, perhaps, strictly speaking, the Revisers have made more verbal alterations than might have been expected. "We have never," say the Revisers in their preface, "removed any archaisms, whether in structure or in words, except where we were persuaded that the meaning of the words was not generally understood, or that the nature of the expression led to some misconception of the true sense of the passage." And further—"The frequent inversion of the strict order of the words, which adds much to the strength and variety of the Authorised Version, and give an archaic colour to many felicities of diction, have been seldom modified." These declarations may sound somewhat strange when we recognise the fact that in the Revised Version there has been made an average of about three alterations to every two verses in the Gospels, and to every single verse in the Epistles; but at the same time there is considerable truth in the remark recently made by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Chairman of the Company, who said that "The effect to the general hearer or reader will be hardly perceptible." If that be the case, as we know it to be to a very great extent, of course the opponents of any Revision whatever may ask of what practical use then is the Revision; but the answer to this is that as a Revision was determined on, and under existing circumstances deemed necessary, it ought to be thorough even in trivial matters, and carried out without timidity or reserve. It may be retorted also that if no practical good is done by trivial changes, no harm is done, and correctness is attained.

We have not space, nor does it hardly come within the scope of our columns, to enter into a detailed criticism of the many alterations made in the Volume before us. A few, however, we will briefly touch on, as illustrations of the work of the Revisers which have been received with favour by some and disfavour by others. Let us take, for instance, the passage, Matt. ix. 16, 17, in which our Version has "new cloth" and "old bottles." The Revisers have changed "new" into "undressed," and "bottles" into "wine-skins;" and though the first alteration is not an important one, nor indeed absolutely necessary, except to attain a more literal translation of the Greek, the second is, for it is almost impossible for an English reader to disassociate the word "bottles" from the idea of comparatively small receptacles of glass, which utterly spoils the appositeness of the illustration. A contemporary, which has indulged in some very fierce criticism of the Revised Version, strangely objects to the substitution of "wine-skins" for "bottles," holding that "the two practically mean the same thing." True, but English readers generally, and ignorant persons in particular, miss the point of the illustration in one version, while they can recognise it in that of the Revisers. Indeed, we take this as a fair instance of exactly the kind of work which was entrusted to them. In Matt. xvii. 25, "the half-shekel" is substituted for "tribute"—needlessly, says our contemporary; but the change calls attention to the fact that this "tribute" was not the tribute due to the Roman Government, but the "half-shekel" or "didrachma," which all adult Jews paid annually towards the expenses of the Temple. If the ordinary idea is associated with the word "tribute," our Lord's subsequent remarks are simply meaningless. In verse 27 we have "shekel" very properly given instead of "a piece of money." In an earlier chapter of St. Matthew which contains a portion of what is called "The Sermon on the Mount," the translators give us "it was said to them of old time," instead of "by them." To this also we notice that an objection has been raised, but we venture to hold that the alteration is a most proper and needful one, as throughout the whole

passage our Lord is contrasting the letter of the Law given "to them of old," that is the Jews, and the spirit in which the commands of the Gospel were to be obeyed by those who heard the words of Him who said, "but I say unto you." The substitution of "stumbling-block" and "cause to stumble" in many passages for "offence" and "offend" will certainly cause the expression to be better understood; and "narrow" for "strait" gate will save the young and thoughtless from a misapprehension. These instances, we think, will suffice to show that the work of Revisers has been a useful one.

Turning to the Epistles we find "love" substituted for "charity" in the well-known chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, and other passages. This is certainly an improvement, though "love" fails to convey the full meaning of the original, and most readers of the Authorised Version apprehend that "charity" means a "Christian spirit" (or "love"), as Hood uses the word when he says, "Alas! for the rarity of Christian charity Under the sun." Of course the word "love" is given in Pet. iv. 8 instead of "charity," but it is a matter for regret that the Greek would not suffer the Revisers to do more than substitute "covereth a multitude of sins," for "shall cover the multitude of sins," without being able to indicate that the "sins" are those of others and not those of the person exhibiting "charity," as intimated by St. Paul in the chapter above mentioned. In Phil. iii. 20, "Our conversation is in Heaven," has little meaning for modern English readers, who know nothing of the classical signification of "conversation." The Revisers render the Greek word literally, and "citizenship" at once lets in light on the passage. For the generally misunderstood word, "damnation," in 1 Cor. xi. 29, we have "judgment"—an improvement certainly, but "punishment" (*i.e.*, divine punishment in this world) would, perhaps, have better cleared the passage of its difficulty, and in the following verse the Revisers would have been justified in substituting "have died" or "are dead" for "sleep," in order to render the meaning more clear. Another necessary alteration may be noted in the substitution of "every form of evil" for "all appearance of evil," in 1 Thess. v. 22. Of course it is right to abstain from everything that may appear evil, and it is very edifying, no doubt, to hear a preacher insist on this Christian duty, taking the above text as the basis of his remarks, but the Apostle had no such idea in his mind when he wrote the words, the Greek word having the meaning attached to it by the Revisers—"form," or what may show itself of evil. By the way, on turning to the 1st chapter of the Epistle to Titus (which happened to be the Second Lesson for last Sunday evening) we notice that the Revisers retain the word "Bishop" as the translation of the Greek *Episcopos*. This is to be regretted, as it by no means corresponds with our meaning of the word "Bishop." Titus was really the "bishop" of Crete appointed by St. Paul to ordain *elders* in every city (v. 5), and these "elders" (or "priests") are immediately spoken of under the title of "Bishops." It would be preferable, therefore, if the word *Episcopos* had been translated literally as "overseer."

The Revisers have further done good service in many passages by bringing out the force of the different Greek tenses and of the Greek article, though perhaps in their endeavour to be strictly correct they have sometimes forgotten that the Greek of the Greek Testament is not classical Greek, and that the writers themselves may not have always intended a strict exegesis to be applied to their compositions. The Revisers too have been bold enough to omit several interpolations of Scripture well known to scholars, and to bracket some passages as doubtful. An instance of the former is 1 John v. 7, "There are three that bear record, &c."—a passage interpolated at a comparatively late period by a Trinitarian copyist, who was probably engaged in theological controversy or lived at a controversial period. An instance of the latter are the earlier verses of the 8th chapter of St. John which contain the story—most probably apocryphal—of the "woman taken in adultery," which will probably at some future period entirely disappear from our New Testaments. That the Revisers have made some needless alterations, and exceeded the instructions given by the Convocation Committee to the effect that they did not contemplate "any alteration of language" except when deemed actually "necessary in the judgment of the most competent scholars"—may be admitted; and doubtless many persons will experience a shock at the verbal alterations in "The Lord's Prayer" which of all passages should, if possible have been left intact as it stands in our Authorised Version, hallowed by daily use as the universal prayer of the English-speaking race. To their credit the Revisers freely acknowledge that they might commit errors, and have done so in many instances. They say, "We know full well that defects must have their place in a work so long and so arduous as this which has now come to an end. Blemishes and imperfections there are in the noble translation which we have been called upon to revise; blemishes and imperfections will assuredly be found in our own revision. All endeavours to translate the Holy Scriptures into another tongue must fall short of their aim when the obligation is imposed of producing a version that shall be alike literal and idiomatic, faithful to each thought of the original, and yet, in the expression of it, harmonious and free."

Already a vast amount of criticism has been brought to bear on the Revised Version, and much of it we venture to think is hasty, unfair, and ungenerous, strongly reminding us how far easier it is for reviewers and critics to pen words of censure than of commendation. But as yet not a hundredth part of the criticism which the work claims has been expended. For weeks and months, in the press and in the pulpit, in books and in pamphlets, and on the platform we shall be deluged in it; and rightly so in a certain sense. It would be no slight matter to attempt to convert a "Revised" into the "Authorised Version;" indeed, no attempt can be made till we get the Revised Version of the Old Testament Company. After that, too, has been freely and fully criticised, we may have a joint revision, and after that the Revised Version of the Bible may become in due course the Authorised Version. Such a change, though attended by many inconveniences and temporary confusion, need cause no real alarm. There have been several "Revisions" of both the Old and New Testament before now in our history, and "Revised" have become "Authorised" Versions without any injury to religion or discredit to the Word of God. There are many things more improbable than that before the end of the century now drawing to its close English people throughout our world-wide empire will have contentedly, and in most cases thankfully, accepted a new "Authorised Version of the Bible."

Meanwhile let us give the present New Testament Revisers the credit which is their due. Their labour has been very great, for before setting about their English translation they had to frame a revised Greek text from which to translate. This was an absolute necessity in consequence of our advanced state of scholarship compared with that of former generations, and the fact that at the time of our authorised English translation of the New Testament Greek scholarship was still in its infancy. The new Greek text is a "patchwork," but at the same time most creditable performance, and it may be noted by the way that the alterations in it will account for many of the alterations in the translation which have been condemned as either erroneous or unnecessary. The work of translation has taken up more than ten years of labour of an arduous kind. Sitting four days in each month, with an average attendance of sixteen, the revisers occupied six years in the first portion of their task, and two years and a half in the second, while the average attendance of all the members of the Company has been at two out of every three meetings, and as a matter of fact every passage in the translation has virtually gone through seven revisions. It has, however, been indeed

"a labour of love" with the Revisers. Disturbing influences, either of prepossession or of ulterior objects, have found no place; no party tactics can be traced in a single passage; and if for no other reasons, our best thanks are due to those who may be credited with having worked with the simple purpose of promoting "the glory of God and the present and future welfare of mankind."

J. J. M.



ANGLO-INDIANS have only too much right to assume an ignorance of India on the part of English men and women in general. But at the same time the general ignorance is not quite so absolute and thorough as Lieut.-Col. Money, in his novel called "Woman's Fortitude: a Tale of the Cawnpore Mutiny" (1 vol.: W. B. Whittingham and Co.), appears to believe. No doubt his description of the various breeds of horses in India will convey some amount of new knowledge even to many old Indians, but on the other hand such ordinary terms as "mahout," "ayah," and "brandy-pawnee," scarcely require the aid of foot-notes for their elucidation, while the history of Cawnpore is still only too freshly remembered. The effect of giving the best-known historical details of the massacre, with the help of extracts from the contemporary newspaper accounts, as if it were a new story, would be almost that of an insult to his readers if Col. Money were not so obviously under the single impression that whatever he knows is a matter of course unknown to the rest of the world. One thing he himself does not know, and that is how to construct a work of fiction. He is quite right in going to authorities for the facts to which he undertakes to give fresh colour, but then he leaves out all the colour; and his characters all talk so much alike that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. He himself states in his preface that he has added "nothing imaginary." Why then even profess to write fiction? As a dry record taken by some exceptionally uninteresting or disagreeable people in the most tragic scene in all our history, the book cannot be called interesting. As a first manual of recent history for those who never heard of Cawnpore, it may be found useful.

"The Adventures of William Jermyn," by the author of "A Love's Gamut" (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), are neither interesting, profitable, nor possible. Mr. Jermyn is a shadowy sort of dramatic poet, whose adventures consist in taking *hashish* in meeting a hermit who tells him a tedious and empty story, and in being stabbed by a foreign mistress whom he had deserted, with a view to a reputable marriage. Altogether the novel is one of those which it is difficult, if not impossible, to make head or tail. Nobody acts with any intelligible motive, or in any probable manner. It is so far disappointing that the prologue promises a plot of some interest; but the promise does not endure long enough to make the resulting disappointment very keen. The author appears to have the power of imagining the first shadows of striking characters and the conditions of strong situations, but to be unable to put life into his ghosts, or to put his situations beyond the potential stage. If it were an entirely first attempt to write a romance, something might be said in its favour. Being otherwise, it must be set down as a nonsensical and incoherent dream, not worth narrating, but still with that dash of originality which is the privilege of all dreams. It is something, when writing nonsense, to be assured that one's nonsense is of no common kind.

It is generally agreed that the supply of new novels has increased out of all proportion to the demand for them, that it is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Not a little alarming, therefore, is it to discover the existence of a Committee formed for the sole purpose of increasing the supply. "May Darling," by Margaret Doake, (1 vol.: The Literary Production Committee) represents a first prize of 60/- offered by the body in question for the best prose work of fiction submitted by a competing "amateur author," the manuscript not to be less than 300 printed pages of thirty lines to a page and ten words to a line. An "amateur author" is defined as "not making a livelihood by literature"—a somewhat vague condition, which unfortunately includes a considerable number of industrious and fairly successful men and women who follow literature as a calling. But if by "amateur" is intended a lady or gentleman—presumably a lady—who cannot find an ordinary publisher, or would not, but for a strong inducement, write fiction at all, then we certainly do not envy the competent judges who had to read through the amateur manuscripts before them. "May Darling" is, by their decision, the best; and its merits by no means adequately represent the labours of a committee and the value of 60/-, nor can we recognise in Margaret Doake the case of a genius for whose sake the ordinary course of demand and supply should be suspended. Novels fully as weak are no doubt often published by authors whom the Committee would not define as amateurs—fully as puerile, and as capable of making Madme. Clara Novello sing a song unwritten in her time. But a Literary Suppression Committee is more needed in the case of the mass of *soi-disant* professional novelists than a Committee for the production of new novels by "amateurs." We find no reason to give Margaret Doake any farther encouragement than she has already received.

"Missing," a collection of formerly-published tales by Mary Cecil Hay (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), calls for little notice. The tales are fairly good of their kind, in comparison with the common run of magazine stories, but the world would have lost nothing had they never been brought to light again. If "ought" meant anything practical or practicable in such cases, they would fall within the rule that the possession of material enough for a volume of tales ought not of itself to warrant republication. At the same time we have no right to assume that there is not some special demand for a collective edition of Mary Cecil Hay's stories: and, if so, it is pleasant to think that so very harmless and easily contented a taste is sufficiently extended.

"My Lady Coquette," by Rita (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers), is, as its title denotes, a story of flirtation. "My Lady Coquette" is named Yolande Mervyn: her sisters are Enid and Vivien, and her brother Arthur; a leading lover is named Launcelot. The story tells how one Denzil Charteris flirted with Yolande and married another; how his wife died, and how he then married Yolande—rather a thin and spiritless plot for three volumes. Everybody is very beautiful, no more special quality helps to make any one character stand out from the rest, and the habit of Denzil and Yolande to call each other "very precious," gives an additionally aesthetic twang to the result of so many Christian names from the "Morte d'Arthur." These points are index enough to the general position of "My Lady Coquette." It depends entirely upon the temperament of the reader whether she will class it as "sad rubbish" or as "sweetly pretty."

ABBÉ LISZT'S FEMININE ADMIRERS have furnished his new home in the Pesth Musical Academy with their own handiwork. For months past the chief members of Hungarian society have been embroidering chairs, sofas, curtains, cushions, and table-covers, copying their patterns from old classic designs in the Museum of Industry, while the ancient Hungarian *genre* has been strictly adhered to in the mounting. The furniture is covered with plush and leather in sombre hues, and every worker has cunningly wrought her monogram into the centre of each design.

## BIRTH.

On the 14th instant, at 10, Upper Porchester Street, Hyde Park, the Wife of SIR DANIEL ADOLPHUS LING, of a Daughter.

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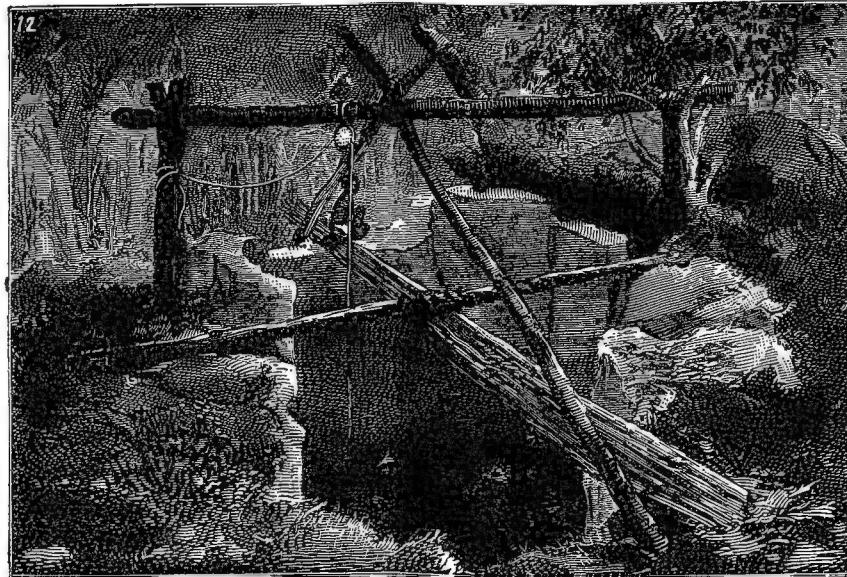
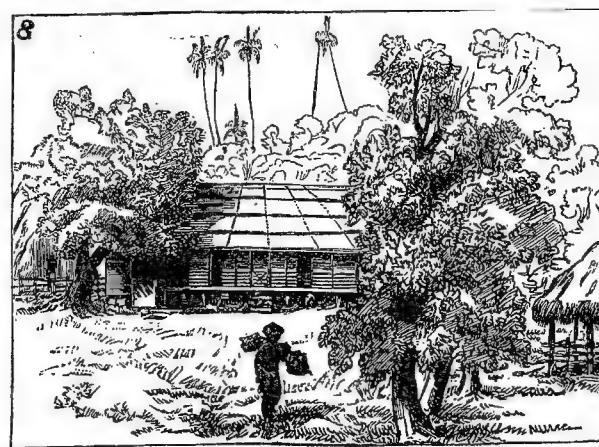
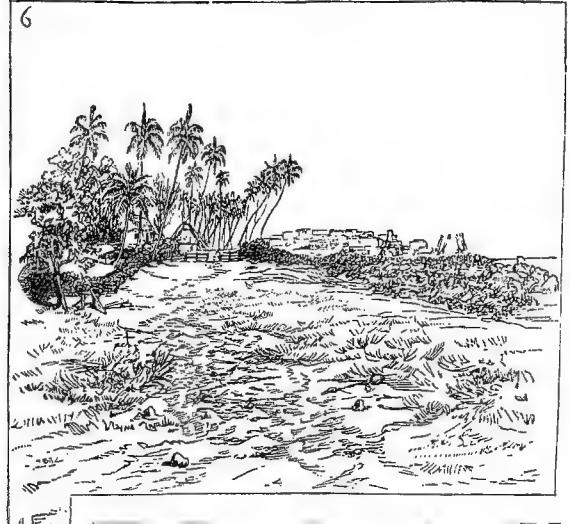
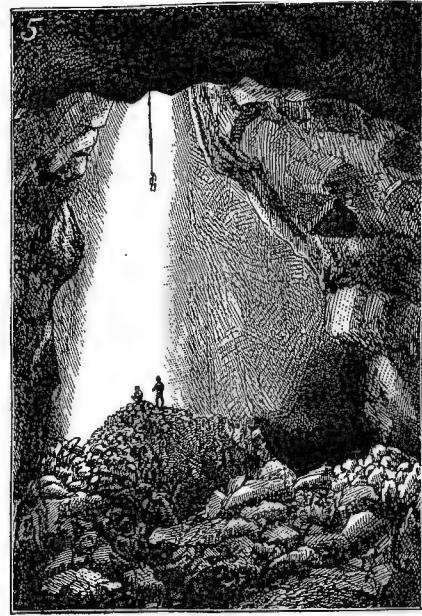
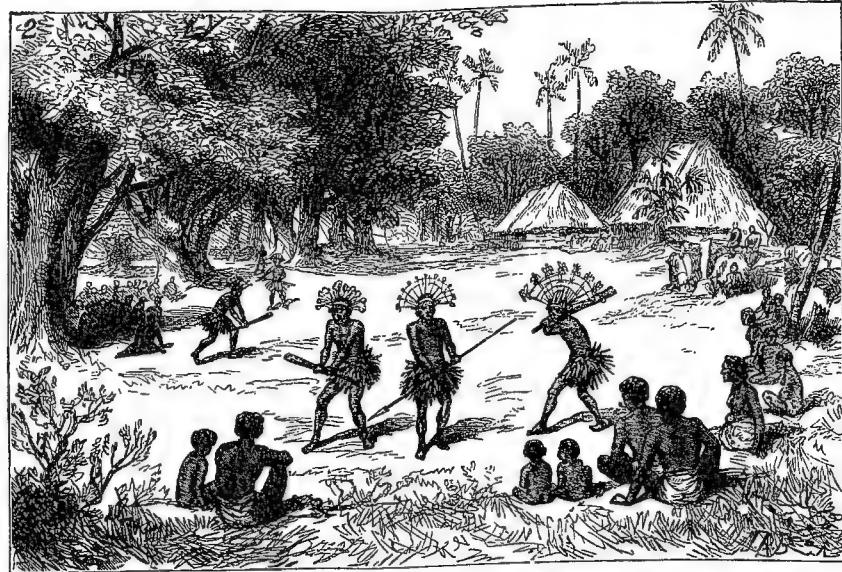
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MAJOR L. C. SINGLETON, 92ND HIGHLANDERS  
Died May 1, of Wounds Received at the Battle of Majuba Hill, Feb. 27



MR. HENRY SUTER  
Captured by Brigands near Cassandra, Salonica, April 7th, and Since Ransomed  
by the British Government



LIEUT. E. O. H. WILKINSON, 60TH RIFLES  
Drowned in the Ingogo River, Transvaal, Feb. 8

#### OUR OBITUARY RECORD

MAJOR LOFTUS CORBET SINGLETON, of the 92nd Highlanders, who died on the 1st inst. of wounds received at the battle of Majuba Hill, on February 27, was the fourth son of the late Henry Corbet Singleton, Esq., D.L., of Aclare, County Meath, formerly of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and grandson of General Loftus, Colonel of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, and Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower of London.

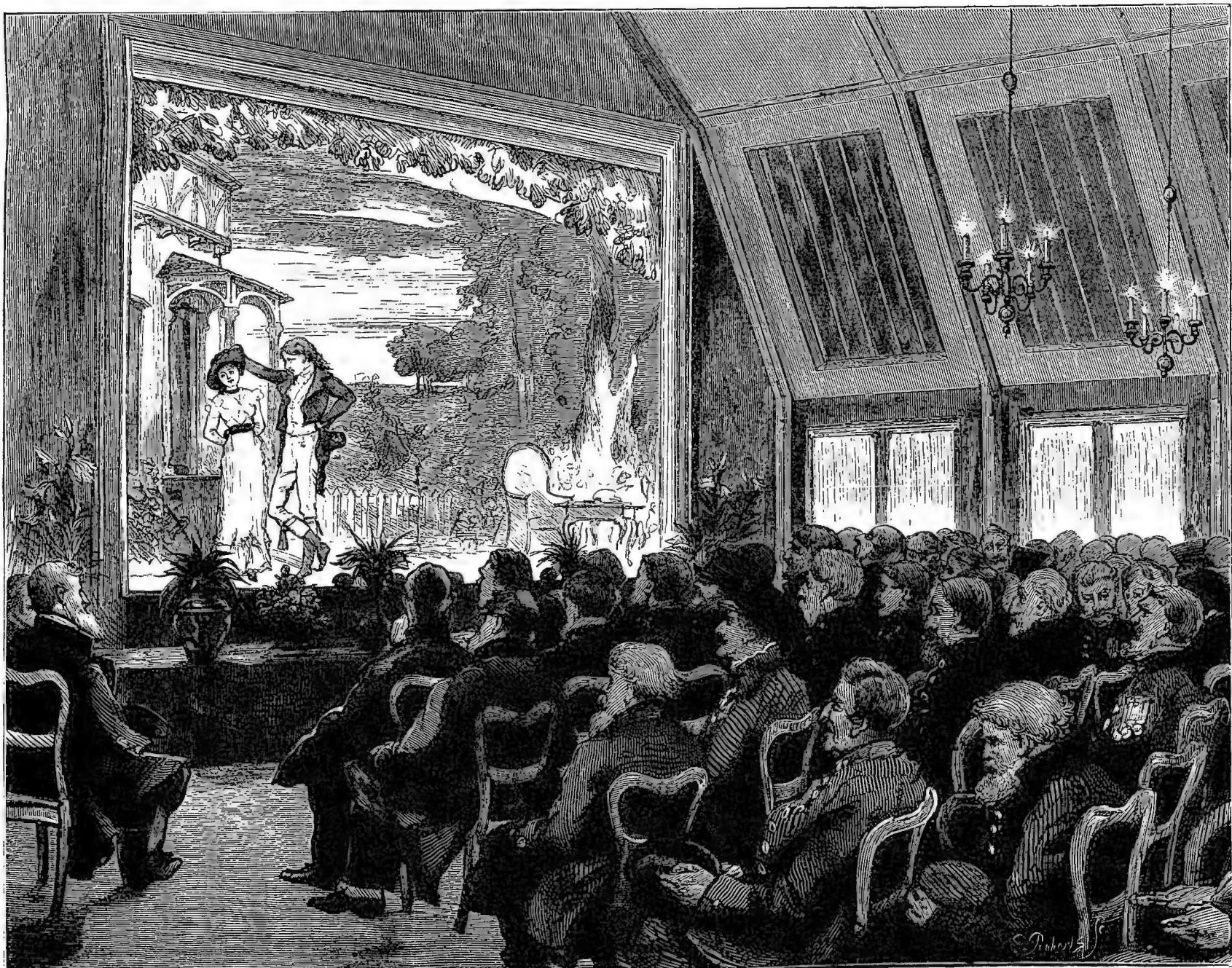
He entered the army in 1861, and served throughout the recent campaign in Afghanistan, from the battle of Charasiah (including the defence of Cabul, the march thence to Candahar, and the battle of Candahar), until the conclusion of hostilities. He was twice mentioned in despatches for gallantry, and was promoted for distinguished service in the field. His death wounds (four in number) were received in a subsequent campaign in the Transvaal while fighting by the side of General Sir G. Colley.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Bullock Brothers, 138, The Parade, Leamington.

LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT EDWARD OBERT HINDLEY WILKINSON, of the 60th Rifles, was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel

Wilkinson, of Chestfield, Herts, by his wife Catherine, the daughter of Lieutenant-General Viscomte Obert, of the French Army. He was born in 1853, educated at Eton, where he was captain of the cricket eleven in 1871 and 1872. He joined the army in August, 1873, and after serving throughout the whole of the Zulu War, remained in South Africa and took part in the Transvaal campaign, and met his death in the manner described in the following extract from a despatch sent by the late Sir G. Colley to the War Office:—“The 3rd battalion of the 60th Rifles has suffered a still heavier loss in the death of Lieutenant Wilkinson. After having distinguished himself through the engagement by his coolness and gallantry, volunteering for every dangerous and difficult task, he was drowned in crossing the Ingogo River after returning to the battle field with assistance for the wounded. He was of singularly winning disposition and manners, distinguished in all manly games, an excellent Adjutant, and a most promising officer. Few men of his standing could boast so many and such warm friends, or will be so widely missed and so deeply mourned.”—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Hawke, 8, George Street, Plymouth.

#### THE BULLDOG CLUB SHOW

THE seventh annual show of the Bulldog Club was held at Messrs. Aldridge's Horse Repository, St. Martin's Lane, on the 12th and 13th inst., and was a fairly successful exhibition, a large number of visitors being attracted; while the number of exhibits was seventy-nine, divided into thirteen classes. Gold medals were awarded to the best animal of each sex, the famous “Monarch” bearing off that for males; whilst Mr. Donkin's “Nell Gwynne” had it all her own way in the “ladies” class; her only rival, “Roselle,” having been found dead in her basket on her arrival from Bristol the previous night. Most of our sketches are sufficiently explained by their titles, being illustrative of the behaviour and idiosyncrasies of the various dogs. “In ‘Bored’ our artist has given us an instance of the levelling effect of dog-fancying upon humanity, St. James and St. Giles meeting upon perfectly equal terms, all distinction of rank and social standing being forgotten in mutual admiration of the favourite, who is evidently ‘quite too utterly’ tired of hearing his own praises sounded.



OLD WARRIORS AT THE “THEATRE OF PEACE”  
CHELSEA PENSIONERS AT AN AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE, CHELSEA

W. G. with an Eleven against Eighteen of St. George's Club, Gloucestershire.—A letter from Australia intimates the existence of a feeling in the colony that matters are hardly ripe for a visit by an English team this season. However, there is a strong determination among the Antipodeans to strain every nerve to send a team of their best men to this country next year to reverse the defeat at the Oval, when, as we must all allow, they were not represented by several of their best bowlers and batters.

**BICYCLING.**—The annual meet of the Bicycle Clubs at Hampton is assuming larger dimensions and becoming more popular every year. That of Saturday last was a great success, more bicycles and year, more spectators being present than on any former occasion. Indeed, it is now one of the "sights" of the season. Over 100 metropolitan and about forty provincial clubs were represented, and the riders who took part in the "progress," formally and informally, were about 2,500. The clubs most strongly represented were the Pickwick (38) and the Temple (48) among the Metropolitan, while several produced under a dozen each, and among the provincials Portsmouth sent 32, and the Bicycle Touring Club about 100 riders. Tricyclists were present in goodly numbers, and it is evident that not long hence the "three-wheeler" will be a very popular machine, and that many ladies will be among its regular riders.—In the fourth annual contest between Cambridge University and the London B. C. at Cambridge, on Saturday last, the Cantabs swept the board of nearly all the events, and thus the two clubs are on an equality as regards the number of wins.

**YACHTING.**—The season can hardly be said to have opened auspiciously, as in the Cutters' Matches of the New Thames Yacht Club on Tuesday, there were no starters forthcoming for the Class of and over forty tons, while in the twenty and under Class, only five did battle. The course was from Rosherville round the West Oaze Buoy and back. The *Louise* (T. W. Eytom) was the winner of the first prize, 20/-, and the *Butter Cup* (R. Hewitt), of the second, 10/-.—Can nothing be done to lessen the expenses of yacht-racing?

**COACHING.**—The first meet of the Four-in-Hand Club took place at the Magazine, Hyde Park, on Wednesday last, after which the majority of the drags made for Hurlingham Park. The Coaching Club meet at the same place on Saturday, the 28th, at noon, and the drive will be to the Orleans Club, Twickenham.—*Apropos* of coaching, the long-expected picture of a meet of the last-mentioned Club at the usual trysting-place is now on view at Dickinson's Gallery, 114, New Bond Street. It has taken three years to paint, many artists having been employed upon it,—the figure-painter being Mr. J. V. Gibson. The portraits are 150 in number, all taken from life.

**FLOATING GROG-SHOPS IN THE NORTH SEA.**—The inquiry instituted by Sir Richard Cross during his Home Secretaryship into the manifold complaints made by English fishermen against their foreign brethren who share with them the luck of the North Sea fishery, has brought to light certain curiosities of ocean life that will tend to dissipate the landsman's delusion that Jack at sea has nothing to trouble him, except such hardships and vexations as contrary winds and unruly seas occasion. The men of Lowestoft, Grimsby, Hull, Yarmouth, and several other fraternities of East Coast fishermen are unanimous in making out that the treatment they receive at the hands of Dutch, Belgian, and French fishermen is such as interferes seriously with their occupation. One might suppose that in the North Sea there was room enough for the fishermen of all nations to pursue their avocations in peace with each other; but it would seem that there are favourite spots, for the possession of which there is fierce contention, and the exercise, on the part of the foreigner, of cowardice and ruffianism. The appointed inquirer, Mr. W. H. Higgins, Q.C., in his just-published report, tells of Dutch trawlers who, in the night and when the drift-nets of their English rivals are set, make use of a vicious instrument, appropriately called a "devil," to cut through the drift-net, whereby the catch is wasted and the net lost—a malicious act of damage that interferes seriously with the earnings of the boat's crew, even to the boys, since one and all have to contribute a share towards setting matters right again. But perhaps the strangest feature of this sort of seafaring the inquiry has brought to light is, that there are constantly cruising about in this troubled water vessels called "coopers," and which are described by Mr. Higgins as "floating grog-shops." The fishing voyages extend to about six weeks, the catches being sent home by swift-sailing cutters, and it appears to be the custom for the foreign fishermen to neglect their business and go aboard these "coopers," concerning which Mr. Higgins tells us. The revelations that have been made, and which are spoken of by many witnesses, show that the evils perpetrated on board "not only include theft, gross breaches of trust, assaults, violence, robbery, obscenity, and smuggling, but even, in not a few cases, result in violent death." Who is the nautical Lawson who will undertake to grapple with and crush out this pest of the North Sea fishery?

**OVER-HOT PHILANTHROPY.**—Speaking at the annual meeting of the subscribers and friends of the Orphan Home, the chairman, Mr. Spurgeon, took the opportunity to make a few seasonable and common sense remarks on the folly of those over-zealous philanthropists who with red-hot eagerness set about establishing asylums, homes, and such-like places in the interest of the poor and afflicted, with no means of their own for the support of the same, but relying on the necessary money coming in "somehow or other." The "somehow" eventually resolves itself into the single available resource of begging help through the medium of the newspapers. But the benevolent public have already so many charitable responsibilities to attend to connected with institutions long tried and proved to be beneficial, that it can scarcely be wondered at if they are somewhat slow in responding to new appeals, however passionately and unsparingly they may be worded. And, meanwhile, the well-intentioned but misguided founders of the hastily-got-up scheme of benevolence find themselves hampered with obligations it is impossible for them to discharge with satisfaction to themselves and the poor creatures whose cause they have espoused. And the end of it frequently is that there is nothing for it but to abandon those who had been taken by the hand with a promise of lasting asylum and succour, thereby inflicting on them sore disappointment, and making bad worse.

**GOOD NEWS FROM THE HOUSE TOPS.**—“Come up and be dead,” said the doll’s dressmaker to her ancient Hebrew friend, Mr. Rich (see “Our Mutual Friend”), when she invited him to ascend with her to the roof of her abode in Houndsditch, where was the Jew’s private garden among the chimney pots; and by which she meant, “Come up and escape awhile from the world and its worries, and sit in peace amongst the sweet-scented flowers, and taste of Paradise.” And the doll’s dressmaker being a quaint little creature, full of odd whims and conceits, and a prime favourite with the reader, the latter for her sake pretended to believe in that high-up garden and all about it. But in his heart he did not. It was all very pretty in romance, but practically it was the reverse of likely that floriculture would flourish in an atmosphere composed mainly of the exhalations from fried fish shops, oil clothes emporiums, and the decayed orange heaps of Duke’s Place. Besides, and these various drawbacks apart, it was a well-known fact that it is the chimney smoke beating down that poisons our garden growth for several miles round London, and it is a queer way of mending matters to attempt flower culture at the very foot of the chimney-stack. Queer as it seems, however, a communication to *The Times* from a gentleman residing in Baker Street, Portman

Square, shows that with skill and perseverance even more difficult feats than that of growing stocks and sweet peas on our house-tops may be achieved. The gentleman alluded to writes to say that he has a most excellent crop of strawberries, that will be ready for gathering in two or three days, and that his cucumbers and French beans are most healthy, and bid fair to turn out as satisfactory as the strawberries. We are not enlightened as to the process by which these marvellous results have been attained, or what are the next steps to be taken towards the perfection of house-top bliss. A cow in the garret would provide cream made on the spot in which to steep the strawberries; or it might perhaps be possible to erect a tall pigeon house, and utilise a skimming of the produce of the lactescents “blue rocks” and pouters for the same delightful purpose.

**CITY MARKET ECONOMY.**—With the great Billingsgate difficulty to be grappled with and overcome, it is perhaps a little too hard on the City authorities to call attention to a shortcoming of any other market under their immediate control; but there is one feature of the great Metropolitan Meat Market that is so glaringly at variance with the general admirable management that one cannot but think that it only continues because, somehow or other, the inconvenience has come to be regarded as unavoidable, and to be borne with accordingly. As every Londoner is aware, not only has the vast covered area been the headquarters of wholesale dealing ever since its opening, but an unusually large trade has been done there, especially on Saturday nights, in the retail way. The poorer class of people come there from all parts of the metropolis—hundreds taking bus, tram, and railway for the purpose—to lay in a stock of meat for the ensuing week, the inducement being that they are able to save probably as much as twopence or threepence a pound on their purchases. This being the case, it would be but reasonable to suppose that the great market would be kept open long enough, at all events, to enable the butchers to make the most of this branch of their trade. The early-closing movement, as affecting working men, is by no means so general as it is supposed to be. There are scores of thousands in the metropolis who are not paid their weekly earnings until late on the Saturday evening. These, however much they may desire it, are debarred from buying their meat at the market. In every market-street in London the butchers find it expedient to keep their shops open until twelve o’clock on Saturday night. This market closes at the absurdly early hour of eight o’clock. No matter though its many avenues may be thronged, and a crowd still pressing in, as the clock strikes all the gates but one are closed, and a couple of beadles posted at that one to take care that it is used only as a means of egress. There is not a Saturday night but that hundreds of poor people, unaware of this hard and fast rule, go vexed and disappointed away. It is a wonder the butchers themselves do not stir in the matter. During the hot weather many tons of wholesome meat must be utterly spoilt because willing purchasers are not able to arrive at the market until half-past eight o’clock.



**THE “FREIHEIT” PROSECUTION.**—The trial of Herr Johann Most took place at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday, before Lord Coleridge. The Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Poland, and Mr. A. L. Smith were the counsel for the prosecution; whilst Messrs. A. M. Sullivan and F. C. Willis appear for the defence. The jury found a verdict of guilty on all the twelve counts, but recommended the prisoner to mercy on the ground of his being a foreigner who might have been suffering under some supposed wrong. Sentence was deferred in order that a point of law might be argued.

**A PROFESSIONAL DISPUTE** has arisen between London and provincial solicitors as to the right of the latter to obtain letters of administration for their clients from Somerset House by sending the papers to law stationers in town. The contention, on the one hand, is that such business can only be conducted by solicitors and proctors; whilst, on the other, it is held that the London law stationer furnishes no skill, but only acts as the messenger or medium of communication between the country solicitor and the Probate Office. The Law Society has brought a test action against Messrs. Waterlow Brothers, against whom they have obtained judgment for one penalty of 50/-, but notice has been given of appeal.

**AN ALLEGED ATTEMPTED FRAUD** of a very extraordinary character forms the subject of a charge upon which three young men are now in custody on remand, the prosecutors being a firm of underwriters at Lloyd’s. A few weeks ago one of the accused effected an insurance for 600/- on a steam yacht called the *Firefly*, in which he stated he was about to start from London to Boulogne. A day or two afterwards the three prisoners landed at Shellness, after wading through the surf; and stating that the yacht had been wrecked, and that they had been drifting about in the dingy for sixteen mortal hours, wrote off at once to claim the insurance money. On inquiries being instituted the underwriters were led to believe that the *Firefly* existed only in the imagination of the alleged conspirators, who, it is affirmed, went to Rochester, hired a boat there, and in it made their way down the Medway and around the coast to Shellness, where they came ashore.

**THE LIBEL ON LADY LONSDALE.**—Mr. Bruges, who admits the offence with which he is charged, has been committed for trial, but is at liberty on bail. The defense set up by his counsel is that of insanity, in support of which it is stated that his father died of brain-disease; that his brother is a lunatic; and that he himself has long been of eccentric habits and a hard drinker until he was accidentally thrown out of a dog-cart in November last, since when he had drunk zedone, to the extent of seven or eight quarts per day.

**LORD EDWARD THYNNE** appeared on Tuesday before the Salisbury magistrates to prefer a charge of assault against the Marquis of Townshend, Colonel Nepean, and Mr. Francis Ellis. It appeared that the parties had met on the road between Salisbury and Laverstock, and it was alleged that the Marquis thrashed his lordship with riding-whip for five or six minutes; while Colonel Nepean held the horse’s head, and Mr. Ellis encouraged the Marquis. The Marquis said that Lord Edward had eloped with his wife some years ago, and that this was the first opportunity which he had of giving him a castigation. Colonel Nepean said that he only held the horse to prevent its bolting, and thus endangering the life of a lady who was in the carriage. The three defendants have since been bailed.

**THE TURF FRAUDS.**—Benson, the convict, whose evidence led to the exposure and punishment of the ex-detectives for their complicity in his crimes, is said to be dying in prison, and his associate, Kurr, is also still in confinement. Their friends very naturally think that some leniency ought to be shown to them in consideration of the valuable nature of the information which they gave.

**THIRSTY FIREMEN.**—Mr. Joyce, the refreshment contractor at the Duke’s Theatre, Holborn, has obtained a verdict for 15/- damages against the Metropolitan Board of Works for the negligence of the officers of the Fire Brigade in not preventing their men from drinking his champagne and other liquors after the fire which occurred there last summer. It was stated that many of the firemen got drunk, and that some broken bottles were found up the chimney.



**THE SEASON.**—Here and there the rainfall of the past ten days has been fairly heavy, but at most places there has been but little moisture. Wheat is looking well nearly everywhere, though the wind has been strong. Barley has come up well, but wants more rain. So do oats. Potato planting is finished, and about an average breadth is believed to have been put in. Turnips and swedes now have the farmer’s attention. Grass grows very slowly, and cannot be more than two-thirds of a crop. As a rule, sheep have done better on the pastures recently; but cattle do not get much of a bite yet. Sheep command good prices, though wool is cheap and dull of sale.

**THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION** have now finished both Scotland and Ireland. The only work remaining to be done is—England! This branch will be divided into county divisions—forty in number. Promising news this for the early issue of the long-expected report! The recommendations for saving English agriculture will probably be published just in time for a copy to be presented to the last English farmer on his embarkation for the United States.

**HORSES** are to have twenty-seven classes at the Show of the Edinburgh Agricultural Society, which holds its first exhibition on the 21st of July. The bulk of the money is for Clydesdales, but fair sums will be given for hunters, road, and field horses. Some good prizes for horses will also be given at the Show to be held at Welshpool by the Shropshire Agricultural Society. For the best cart stallion, thoroughbred stallion, hunter, and cart yearling, a premium of 15/- is offered in addition to the class prizes, and 10/- for the best pony stallion. Before quitting the subject of this note it is unsatisfactory to have to record the present prevalence of glanders in London. The deadly and contagious character of this disease unhappily causes fly proprietors and stall owners to hide cases as much as possible, while the absence of a veterinary staff attached to Boards of Health is much to be regretted.

**REPAIR OF THE HIGHWAY AND OF HOUSES.**—Mr. Leonard Lyall, of Kinnordy, having to rebuild his old family seat, employed contractors who materially cut up the roads. The County Road trustees then sued Mr. Lyall for extraordinary damage, but have been nonsuited on a technical point. The question therefore remains whether a resident, who has supported road rates for many years, is not entitled to have extra use of the road when he may want it.

**AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION** is the subject of a really admirable pamphlet by Mr. Gilbert Murray. It is eminently practical, and we are glad to see that it speaks favourably of both Agricultural Colleges—Downton and Cirencester. It advises farmers to spend more money on the agricultural training of their sons, but it is quite opposed to any aimlessness or extravagance.

**THE DERBY SHOW.**—After all that has been said about this year’s show of the Royal Agricultural Society, it is somewhat surprising to find that the number of animals exhibited will be smaller than in any year since 1875, when the rather remote town of Taunton was visited. With the small exception of pigs, there will be fewer animals of every sort than at Carlisle last year. The totals of the two years are—Carlisle 1,880 1,501 entries, Derby 1881, 1,233 entries.

**A CAT’S ENDURANCE.**—On Easter Sunday a large tabby cat was missing from its home at Brentwood. Twenty-eight days afterwards, on taking up some gratings, the cat was discovered down a hole. It was very thin and weak, but, strange to say, not dead. How the cat became imprisoned is not very clear, but our informant, the Rev. E. S. Tiddeman, of Brentford, is a witness quite beyond suspicion; and the cat’s endurance for nearly a month remains as a striking natural history fact.

**KEW.**—Among the rare flowering plants now in bloom at Kew are the Winter’s Bark, an Indian mountain fritillary, and the curious African *Napoleona*. This latter plant bears blossoms in which orange, purple, écarlate, and brown tints form a novel combination. *Calliante polyphylla* and *Viburnum plicatum* are also in bloom. The bright white blossoms of the *Viburnum* are especially fine. The yellow Borage is brightening the rock-work. As this plant is quite hardy, and may be grown with ease from cuttings, we wonder that it is so little known among amateur gardeners. Many of the rhododendrons at Kew are now out, and make an exceedingly handsome show.

**TREE REMOVAL.**—Late last autumn a purple beech at Maresfield Park, Sussex, was removed. The tree was over fifty feet high, and weighed fifty tons. Its branches had a spread of 52 feet. This great tree was so successfully removed that this spring it is doing excellently. Now that gardeners succeed so well in moving big trees we hope that many new parks and private grounds will be beautified with forest trees, of which it once had to be said that a century was needed to grow them on the spot, and that they could be obtained in no other manner.

**JUNE SHOWS.**—June will be a lively time for Shows. On the 2nd there is to be an Agricultural Show at Falkirk; from the 4th to the 10th the great Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall; from the 6th to the 10th a great Show at Tunbridge Wells; on the 15th and 16th a Show at Redruth and another at Southend; while before the end of the month Shows are to be held at Peterborough, Belfast, Doncaster, and Woodbridge.

**GOOSEBERRY CATERPILLARS.**—The festal season has brought round with it these by no means welcome insects. They already appear to be rather numerous, and many fruit-growers have set women to hand picking. Soot, fine grit, hellebore powder, and tobacco are all remedies, but one does not like to think of fruit being so “treated.” After all, safety lies in the multitude of small birds, whose principal dietary is constituted of slugs, worms, and beetles, with caterpillars as a very especial and desirable luxury. In spite of all entreaty, small birds continue to be decimated by farmers and rustics. The recent Act, however, is being stringently enforced against outsiders, and we may hope that the population of small birds, long on the decrease, will now take an upward turn.

**FRUIT PROSPECTS** continue good. During an earlier period of the month, apples, pears, gooseberries, and strawberries suffered somewhat severely from frost, but of plums greengages were generally the only sort touched. In spite of all drawbacks, however, we are in fair way of having a prolific fruit year. Plums, cherries, and currants are especially promising.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Botanists will be glad to hear that Sir John Lubbock is the new President of the Linnean Society.—A medal and a prize of 5/- having been offered for the best label for plants’ labels have been sent in by no less than 120 competitors.—Mr. Darwin is about to publish a work on the characteristics of earthworms, hitherto a subject comparatively little studied by zoologists.—Some persons are now recommending Barbadoes tar as a preventive against foot-and-mouth disease.—The deaths of Mr. Carrington, the well-known authority on dairy farming, and of Mr. James Elliot, an eminent North-country naturalist, will be much deplored. Mr. Elliot was in his seventy-sixth year, but Mr. Carrington was a comparatively young man.



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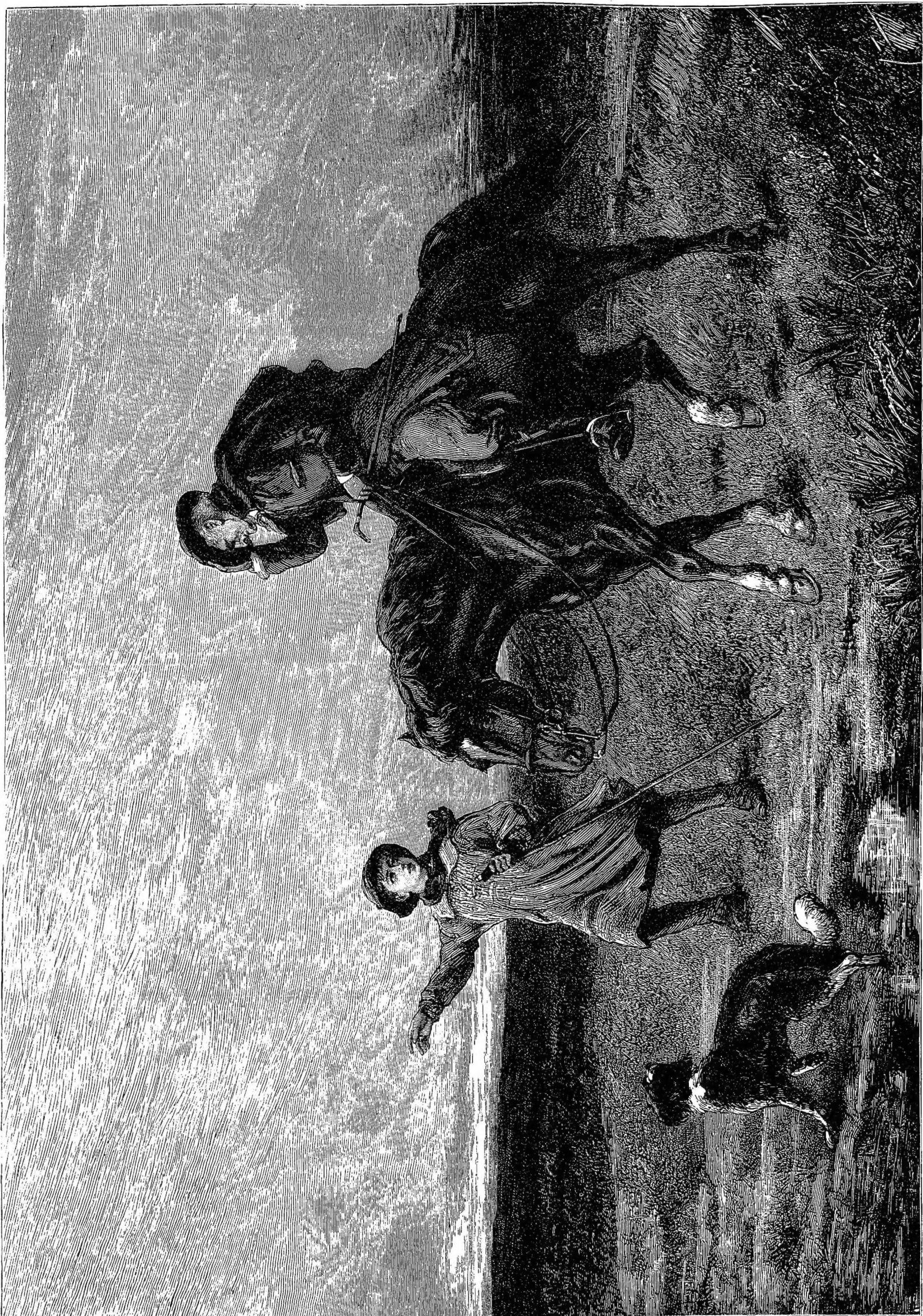
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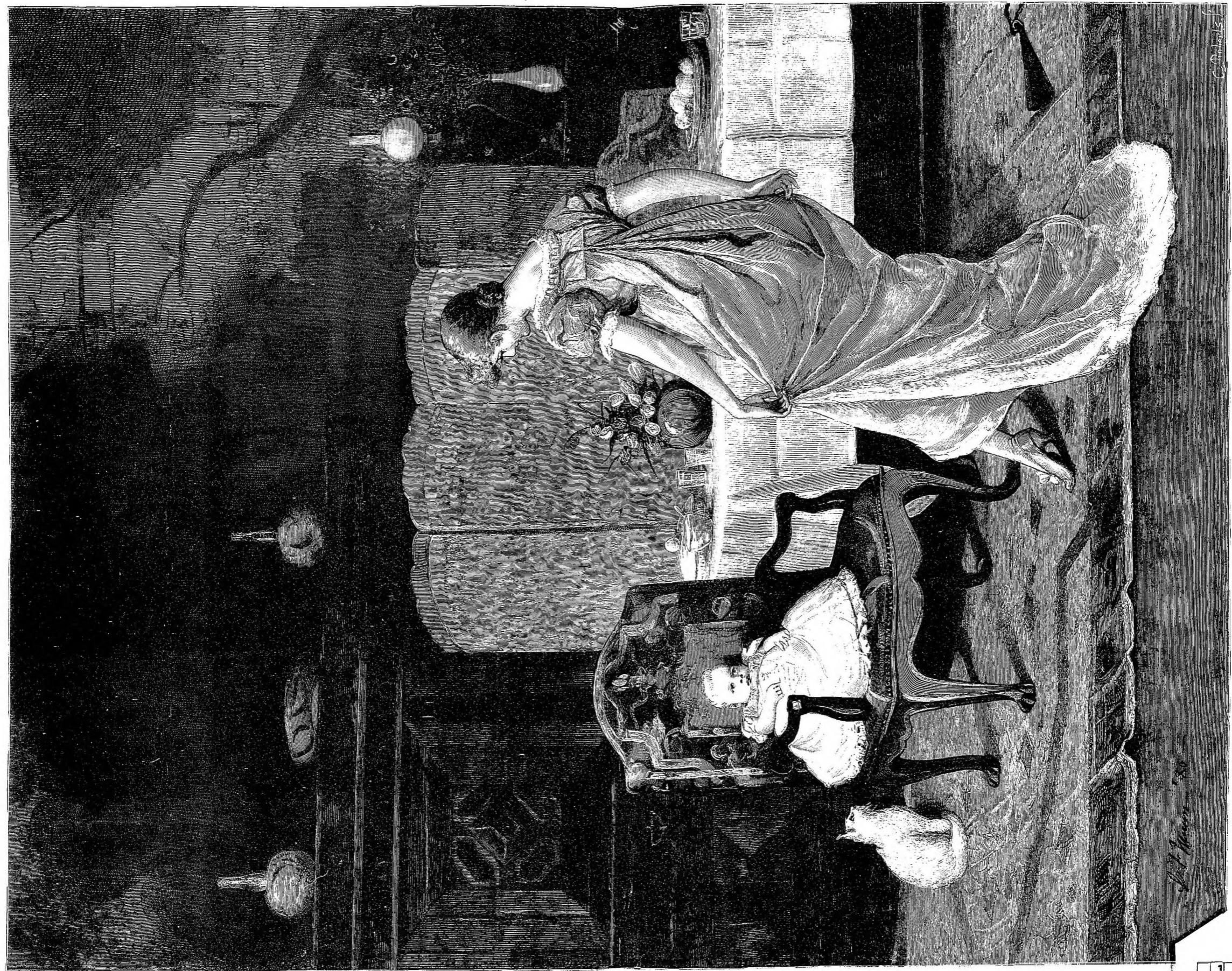


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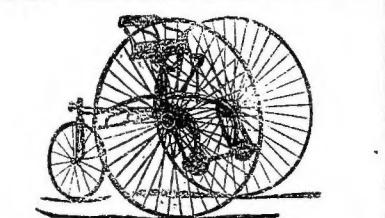


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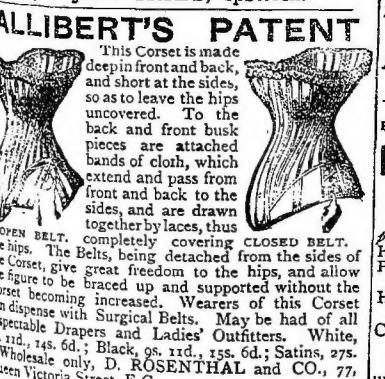


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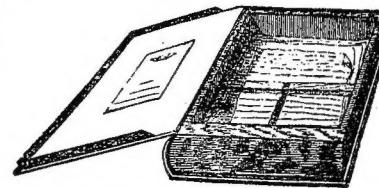
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